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A WEEK IN THE WEST.

FROM A VAGABOND'S NOTE-BOOK.

No. II.

IN knocking about the world, the question must frequently occur to the vagabond, whether it is pleasanter to know who his fellow-travellers are, or not to know? Is it not what one does not know of one's fellow-creatures, rather than what one can get to know of them, that really interests us? The mystery of life is, in fact, that which makes it endurable. Every man and woman I come across is a mystery, an enigma to me; a mystery which I can never entirely unravel under any circumstances or conditions yet discovered on this planet. Perfect knowledge of one another is not within the reach of the children of men,—only a certain rule-of-thumb, hand-to-mouth knowledge, which still is sufficient for getting the old world's business tidily carried on, even in these confused later days. Of two, three, perhaps, if I am lucky, of a dozen of my fellow-mortals, I can say, with absolute confidence, that under certain given circumstances they will act thus and thus; that A will never "run word," for instance, and that B will do what is equivalent in our time to going to the stake,—will put his money, position, life, and fame on the cast of an act of justice. But to know so much involves years of intimacy, and many stages of the journey of life, plodded and fought through side by side.

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Of the remaining six or eight hundred millions of men and women, who are jostling along the same road, eating and drinking, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, what can ever be known to me but that we are travelling the same way, bound for one goal? That they are all here, and getting along side by side with us as best they can, is proof enough that they are wanted for something.

"Tis little we can do for each other," says Emerson. "That by which each man conquers in any passage, is a profound secret to every other being in the world, and it is only as he turns his back on us and all men, and draws on this most private wisdom, that any good can come to him."

Obviously true as this is, so far as the physical comforts of travel are concerned, the getting the best rooms at hotels and the like, I doubt if it can be said to hold further. If a vagabond desires to conquer in the particular passage of enjoying each stage of his pilgrimage to the utmost, the question still occurs, will he attain his end best by turning his back on all men, and drawing only on his most private wisdom, or rather by getting, through any channel open to him, all such information as he can about his fellow-voyagers for the time being? The most obvious

of such channels are undoubtedly those registers which it has become the custom of late years to keep at all hotels, and other places of public resort, in which stand recorded the names, homes, destinations, and callings of the passing multitude. Occasionally, indeed, some further gleam of light shines out of their pages on one or another of the dim population, from the remarks which are added gratuitously by eccentric travellers. I remember once following a Frenchman for some days in Switzerland, who, to the description, "*rentier*," by which he designated himself, added invariably "*à la poursuite de son épouse*." I was not fortunate enough to overtake or identify him. As a rule, however, the most one can ascertain of the intelligent, complaisant, or offensive person with whom one has been sharing a "*coupé*," or at whom one has been glaring across a "*table d'hôte*" for the last three days, amounts to no more than that he is Mr. Jones, of London, or Mr. Smith, of Philadelphia. Does so much knowledge help you in performing the whole duty of a vagabond—which consists in—well, in making the day's journey as pleasant, to yourself, certainly—and to fellow-vagabonds?—on the whole, yes, to fellow-vagabonds also—as pleasant as possible?

But what a coil is here over the question whether I shall go and look up my new acquaintances in the guests' book of the Clifton Hotel before starting for the cars! That is what it all comes to, and I have done it, spite of ingenious theories. We are all Eve's children—at least I believe so hitherto, with all respect for the pundits of science—and curiosity will have its way, with, not seldom, as small results as in my case. The entries in this guests' book mean nothing—do not even give Christian names, only initials. I shall ear-mark my fellow-voyagers, therefore, in my notebook by their salient characteristics. The elder may safely be set down as "*the optimist*," for he has apparently no anxiety about his own impedimenta, or the future of his country. What shall

the other stand as? There are already signs about him that he is by no means destined to take life easily, as the indifferently acted *tragi-comedy* which he is like to find it in another *lustrum* or two. A diligent, struggling, protesting nature, with whom it shall go hard, but he will get his full change for whatever outlay he may be called on to make in his wrestle with circumstances. For the nonce I shall enter him as "*the struggler*." Ah, there he is, I see, already in trouble this morning with the portmanteaus. It must be almost time to start for the Niagara *dépôt*, and so for the great West.

In America they put the smoking car next the engine, and use it for third-class passengers. Why such assiduous smokers should put this sort of slur on the indulgence of the favourite national habit I can't say. There used to be a theory that there were no distinctions of classes in American travelling, as in an older and more corrupt world, but it must be pretty nearly played out by this time. The fact is that first, second, and third-class are rapidly becoming the rule all over the States. To almost every train one or more Pullman's cars, drawing-room cars, or sleeping-cars are attached, in which the citizen who would travel luxuriously must disburse at the extra rate of from three to five dollars a day. The mid-train is made up of the ordinary cars, and in front comes the smoking-car, in which you may travel, if you are willing to keep to it exclusively, at a rate considerably below the ordinary fare. When I entered the smoking car at Niagara, it was nearly full of rough, up-country fellows, lumberers, farmers, and artisans, with a sprinkling of softer-handed and less bronzed and bearded passengers from the other cars. I took the vacant seat next to one of the latter, who, seeing me somewhat in trouble with a damp lucifer, handed me his cigar to get a light from. I thanked him and returned it.

"Been staying at the Falls, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, for a day or two."

"Clifton House, sir?"

I assented.

"Happen to run across an Englishman, tall, slim, in rough brown shooting-coat, and dingy wide-awake, common sort of age, about mine. He's travelling with a young fellow——"

I interrupted him and named the optimist.

"That's he," said my friend, slapping his knee; "so you know him?"

"Slightly," I answered. Here was already a good reason for having hunted out the names in the guests' book. "Well," he went on, "he's an old friend of mine. Knew him in England, and a brother of his at Singapore. Three days back he sent me word he was going off to see the West. He just talks of it as if it was about like an English county. So, as there's a piece of line I must look at soon down Iowa way, I thought I'd come along and see after him, or he won't see much of the West, I guess. You don't know when he started?"

"Why, yes. He's in this very train."

"That's luck! Then we shall soon have him nosing in here for his pipe, I guess." And sure enough, in a few minutes, as we were just sighting the lake, the door opened, and in walked the optimist, pipe in hand. "Well, this is famous. Why, what brings you here?" he said, as they shook hands warmly.

"Brings me here? your letter, of course. I always told you I'd show you something of our big country; so I came off next day, after getting your letter at New York. Why didn't you write sooner?"

"Oh, you're a busy man. I didn't want to bother you; we should have got on well enough."

"You'd have done nothing of the sort. You don't know how to go about this business. You never put a word into yours as to when you were going off, or which way. It's an uncovenanted mercy that I've caught you."

"But are you really coming with us?"

"Rayther! At least you are coming with me. Fact is, as I was telling your friend here, there's a new piece of line

just built across the Iowa prairies that our folk want me to look at before we take it for good; so I thought I'd just come off and do it, and pick you up if I could hear of you anywhere about. When we stop at Hamilton I'll just wire our people at Chicago, and tell them to have the Champaign and an engine ready to meet this train, so that we may start at once and lose no time."

"What's the Champaign?"

"Oh, that's our directors' carriage—a sweet thing as a car; half the weight of one of these Pullman's, and twice as comfortable."

"What a thing it is to be a potentate! That young fellow is with me, you know; he's in the next car, keeping an eye on the bags."

"Yes, yes, he'll come along, of course, and your friend here, too," alluding to me, the vagabond. "There are plenty of berths on the Champaign."

I could see a twinkle in the optimist's eye as I was included in his party by the potentate. I found that he had not taken the precaution to consult the guests' book as I had done, so that at this time he did not even know my name, if indeed he knows it at this day, of which I am by no means sure.

All day we steamed along through Canada West at a steady average pace of twenty miles an hour, or rather better, including halts at Hamilton, London, and other smaller towns of Ontario. Much of the country, especially along the eastern portion of our route, was well cleared, the large enclosures bearing evidences of careful farming. Good substantial houses and homesteads were frequent, and the heavy crops and fine herds of cattle told a tale of comfort and prosperity which was confirmed by the look of the people whom we saw by the wayside, or who got in and out of the cars for short distances. In other districts matters were not so far advanced. Log cabins standing in the midst of a few acres of unfenced clearing, where the crops were coming up amongst blackened stumps, alternated with tracts of forest, on the borders of which a few hardy beasts were browsing,

and round not a few of the cabins groups of ruddy, bare-legged, well-grown, well-fed children scrambled about, splendid specimens of the young Canadian human stock which is so fast subduing this grand province between the great lakes. Every few miles fine broad highways—not metalled, indeed, but cleared, and bearing traces of frequent use—crossed the line at right angles, running down to the lake on one side, and away up into the country, often for forty or fifty miles (so the guard averred) on the other. Unlimited elbow-room on every side; a teeming soil only waiting for its lord and subduer; a country destined for great things, so every traveller must admit, and certain to become one of the gardens of the world. To the Englishman, the question occurs pressingly, Under what flag? But I am not above owning that a whole day's railing through such a new country, where there is no very marked beauty of mountain or river—even though it may be the first of English provinces, and whatever its capabilities for the agriculture of the future—is apt to become a trifle monotonous, though the power of ranging up and down the whole length of the cars at will is a great relief. But no journey is tedious in good company, and in this respect I soon found that the luck which often attends vagabonds had stood me in good stead, and that I had probably fallen on a good time for my plunge into the West.

If our cousins, of whom no man is fonder than I, will excuse a criticism, I would say, that in the give-and-take and rough-and-tumble of society, they are apt to be too sensitive—to see offence where none is intended—to put far-fetched constructions on words and acts, and to keep too sharp a look-out for any which can be twisted into a slight to them or their country. On the other hand, when you do get a pachydermatous Yankee, one with about as tough a social skin as the best class of educated Englishmen—and in these days they are far from rare—there is no company like him, and our potentate proved to be one of these. He had knocked about in

his time all over the world, and had tried his hand at many things, finishing by taking pretty much on his own shoulders one of the great schemes of American railways, and carrying it by sagacity and patience from imminent bankruptcy to eminent success. He was confident enough of himself to stand on his dignity with no one, and proud enough of his country, and confident enough in her future, to bear any amount of chaff as to the peculiarities of Uncle Sam.

Our party had soon established a settlement in one of the central cars, by reversing one of the moveable backs to the seats, so as to make a compartment for four, to which we gravitated periodically, after halts for meals, or when we became tired of smoking, or loafing on the platforms at the ends of the cars for the sake of the view. We all found ourselves seated here, knee to knee, as if for a rubber at whist, after our twenty minutes' stop at Hamilton for early dinner. The conductor's cry, "all aboard," and the tolling of the great bell on the engine, had found us still busy with our knives and forks, and we had clambered up the steps of the last car after the train was already in motion.

"Well," said the struggler as he steadied himself on the platform, "I do like not to be bothered by a guard, but left to get on to the train when I can, and how I can."

"One of the many advantages of pure democracy," said the potentate.

"Democracy? how do you mean?"

"Well, I mean just that. I say that our railroad system is democratic, and Europe can't have it. And you can't have it; you're not up to it."

"I like that! How do you make it out?" said the optimist.

"See, now, if it isn't true. In Europe, under your paternal governments, which do everything for everybody, you're obliged to be at the station and get your ticket ten minutes before the time. Then you're run into pens like cattle, according to your class, and never trusted on the platform till the train is up. In England, you're one

point better, you're allowed to go on the platform, but you've a set of ridiculous rules as to closing the office-doors, not issuing tickets after the bell rings, and locking up carriages. Now here, we just issue tickets as long as anyone wants them, and then let them get into the cars as they've a mind to, or as they can. If they're late, or break their shins, that's their look out. They've just got to take care of themselves, and that's what democracy means."

"No government, eh? Everyone to do as he darn pleases."

"Well, yes. That's about our mark."

"Now, beloved potentate," broke in the optimist, "out of thy own mouth will I condemn thee. Switzerland is as pure a democracy as you, and there the system is as paternal and stupid as in France. And here we are in Canada, and just as free to break our necks or miss our trains as you are; yet you'll please to remember that the Dominion is not a republic, but rejoices in a queen, and all the privileges of the British constitution, which you ungrateful and stupid colonists threw away a hundred years ago. Now what becomes of your precious theory?"

"It's simply this. Switzerland don't set the tune; she's got to follow her big neighbours, and can't straighten out her own way; but Canada here is just a chip of our block, and has got to follow our lead."

"I like that, Canada a chip of your block! Why, from all I can see and hear, she's more loyal than an English home county; and the people—well, the people, if they're not English, I can scarcely see the difference. They're at all events ten times more like English than they are like Yankees."

"Look, for instance, at the dinner we've just been eating. All the time we've been in the States we've never set eyes on a good joint. When you stop on your lines one of those severe young women comes and slaps down before you half-a-dozen nasty little white saucers, with a mess of chicken fixings in one, a little greasy bit of steak in another, a tomato in a third, and so on. Now, at Hamilton,

there was mine host, a rosy-gilled man in a good white apron, with a splendid joint of meat before him which he carved as though he loved it. I was glad to see him rebuke your impatience when you wanted to begin cutting at the other side; and then one got a comfortable mug of ale, instead of your eternal iced water. You could hardly see such an old English meal now at home. It reminded me of our old coaching days; I haven't eaten such a slice of beef since I crossed the water."

"He nearly lost us the train, but I'll allow 'twas good beef. But now you're three to one, and before I tell you what I think, I want to know whether you all agree now. Do you call Canada East English? you've been there, I understand."

"Yes, with our friend here; but I'm not so crazed about the Dominion as he is. You must know that ever since we entered this big continent by way of the St. Lawrence, and the optimist saw the river running two miles wide at Montreal, 600 miles from the sea, and ocean steamers lying by the wharves there, his eyes have been so dazzled by the beams of Canada *in esse* and Canada *in posse* that he can't see a single mote or speck in her."

"And that's why he thinks her so British. But do you?"

"Yes; I agree with him there. The whole of this Canada West, for instance, seems to be dinning into every one on board the cars to-day, 'Look here, you through passengers; you may have been in those States yesterday, and you will be passing into them again in a few hours, but meanwhile you're on British soil, where loyalty, and royalty, and all that kind of thing are at home.' Didn't you notice the crown on the Custom-house at Niagara this morning? and all day we've been running along a Great Western Railroad, with guards and porters in the conventional uniform at every station. Your citizen porters are too fine—save the mark—to wear uniform! Then, we've passed Woodstock and London—villanously the latter stank of petroleum, by the way; and now we're

travelling through Kent and Essex, *en route* for Windsor. These names prove a good deal, I take it."

Potentate.—"Not a bit. There are more of them in New England—whole districts of them. What do you say to Plymouth, Boston, Cambridge, Portland? and there's a Middlesex, and a Berkshire in Massachusetts, with Reading and Newbury for county towns."

Struggler.—"Ay, but those are all pre-revolutionary names, and these Canada ones all recent. There's the difference. I don't believe you've given any place in the States an old English name since 1776."

Optimist.—"And a pretty hash you've made of it, in consequence, with your names. Look at your New York Adam of seventy years ago, who went about the district we came through the other day, on our way to Niagara, christening places out of his 'Lemprière'—Marcellus, Syracuse, Ovid, Utica, Cicero, Rome, and so on."

Po.—"Well, what harm? You only object because the names are two thousand years old, and foreign. You forget that we're the 'heirs of all the ages,' and are bound to have a slice of every time and country set into the great republic. We've got to show that we can swallow you all."

Opt.—

"'You air the whole world's wonder,
And you hev' the loudest thunder,'
Accordin' to population :

we know all that, of course ; but I don't believe you'll even swallow Canada."

Po.—"You don't. Do you think England is going to keep her, then?"

Opt.—"I don't know about that. But I think she's quite big enough, and strong enough, to stand by herself, and that there's a large and growing party amongst her best people who mean that she shall. What good would she get by joining you? Higher taxation and a protectionist tariff are no great inducements."

Po.—"But our protectionist tariff isn't going to last much beyond this next Presidential election, nor our war taxes either ; and, even as matters stand,

annexation would double the value of all the property in Canada."

Opt.—"So I hear you all say ; but I can't, for the life of me, make out why."

Po.—"Because you'd have Yankee brains and capital turned on to Canada at once."

Struggler.—"You'd prescribe a 'railway ring,' and a 'gold ring,' and a 'coal ring,' I suppose. As to self-reliance and enterprise—however it may be politically, in all other directions Canada needn't be afraid of comparison with you. Look at the growth of Montreal, and Toronto, and Hamilton ; look at her line of ocean steamers ; at her mercantile marine ! Why, on these great lakes she has beaten you out of the field, and got pretty nearly the whole carrying trade in fair competition with you. Look at her woollen manufactures, which are not only getting a footing in the States, in spite of the tariff, but are beginning to beat the best English goods !"

Po.—"Well, I allow all that. What does it amount to ? You've got just now some half-a-dozen first-rate men in Canada, who have set these things going, and made them successful. But you don't suppose those men won't be the first to go in for a wider field, more elbow room. They're not of the sort who would sooner be big fish in a little hole, than good-sized fish in a big hole."

Opt.—"But why should they change the British pool for the Yankee ?"

Po.—"Because they're not really in the British pool, and they would be in the American. If there's one thing more than another which convinces me that you're not up to the time of day over in that precious island of yours, it is the way your statesmen handle these colonial questions. Now, as I was just saying, there are, perhaps, half-a-dozen first-rate men in Canada—men who have done more to build up the prosperity of the Dominion, as you call it, than all the Governors-general you ever sent out there. And what do your wiseacre governments do with them ? Why, once in six or eight years, they just make perhaps one of them a knight, side by

side with a city alderman or two. If I were a British minister, and wanted to keep Canada, do you suppose I wouldn't make them peers of the realm?"

Opt.—"Bravo! our democratic potentate has actually got to appreciate the hereditary principle."

Po.—"I don't know about appreciating principles. But you've got your House of Lords, and can't get rid of it, and so, I should say, might try to make some decent use of it by putting in your best men, whatever part of the Empire they come from. It don't want an Achitophel to see that if the hereditary business once got a footing in Canada, it might prove a strong card to play against us. But what's the use of your knights?"

Opt.—"Well said, old fellow. Give us one or two more Yankee notions for keeping Canada, and I'll write to the Colonial Secretary."

Po.—"You're welcome to a dozen. Nothing will teach your big folk their business; that's our surest card. Now, you're drawing all your troops home, and taking away even the old worn-out sentry boxes from the up-country stations, regardless of expense. Do you think that's a good way to strengthen the connection?"

Opt.—"I'm bound to admit that we've heard objections to that policy in Canada."

Po.—"I should say so. You see, when there were two or three good British regiments, and a staff of young swells about, it gave the Canadian girls a chance, and monstrous pretty nice girls too,—and so you pleased their fathers and mothers, and kept society in Montreal and Quebec in touch with London. All that kind of thing tells. For every Canadian girl that married an English officer, you got a set of people on each side keen for keeping up the connection."

Opt.—"It's nuts to hear you always drifting back amongst the House of Lords and the Upper Ten, you democrat of the democrats! So you would keep a crack regiment or two in Canada, if you were an English minister?"

Po.—"I reckon so. When the last

batch of red coats go aboard at Quebec or Halifax, that means annexation or independence in a couple of years. —Here, I say, boy, some of that iced water; I'm parched with teaching you Britishers."

So the potentate stopped the boy who perambulates the cars with a big can of iced water, and we all refreshed ourselves; after which an adjournment forward was moved for the smoking car. And so the hours and the train moved on westward always, till tea-time. Then on again till the twilight settled down on the long stretches of forest and clearing, and the sultriness passed out of the air, and moon and stars came out in the still bright night.

The struggler and I had turned out on the platform at the end of our car, and were enjoying the night run, when our engine bell began to toll, speed slackened, we became aware of lights, and a big river right ahead of us, into which we appeared to be about to run bodily.

"What have we got to now, I wonder?"

"Windsor, I suppose; and that must be the St. Clair, which alone divides us from the great Republic. Don't you feel the air of freedom beginning to circulate already?"

"But how the deuce are we going to cross to those favoured shores? That's Detroit, no doubt, opposite, but there's no bridge, and no steamer that I can see. Are you game for a swim?"

"I expect it's a big steam-ferry, and we don't get out."

So it proved; our engine unhitched, and went round to the rear, pushed half its load of cars under a big shed on the water's edge, ranged up alongside with the rest on the other line of rails, and then, without more ado, the big shed sheered off from the bank, and in a few minutes had panted across the river, with engine, cars, and passengers, to Detroit.

My good luck still held out; the night train was starting at once for Chicago, and I found on inquiry that every "section" of the sleeping-cars

attached to it had been taken in advance. There appeared to be nothing for it but to make the best of it in one of the ordinary cars; but on my way forward I fell in with the struggler, dressing-bag in hand.

"Hallo, where are you off for?"

"The front cars."

"Haven't you a berth? What, all taken?"

"So it seems."

"The cars are abominable places to spend the night in, much worse than our English carriages, where you can stretch your legs at any rate, or lie down if you have luck."

"But my choice lies between staying behind or sitting up in one of them."

"Which would be a good prelude to roughing it in the West. However, through the improvidence—providence you will call it—of the optimist I can help you out of the scrape."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it seems some friend of his was so strong on the desirability of having a whole section to oneself in a Pullman, that he went days ago—this was before he had handed over the purse, mind,—and extravagantly engaged two whole sections for the pair of us. So, you see, you're destined to be comfortable, after all."

"I'm delighted to hear it, but why?"

"Why, of course he and I, under the despotism of the darkey bedmaker, occupy the two berths in one of our sections. So you just stow yourself away in the other. 'All aboard' has been called some minutes since. That's your section, number twelve, centre of the car, you see, least swinging; good night."

So saying, he pitched his bag into an upper shelf, that looked uncomfortably close to the roof of the car, and climbing carefully after it, for fear of planting his foot in the face of the optimist, who was already sound asleep below, disappeared behind the curtain.

Rejoicing at my unexpected luck, I followed my young friend's advice with no little satisfaction, and turned into the spare berth which the recklessness of the optimist had placed at his disposal. I

was awakened in due course by my boots, newly blacked, which were thrust to within an inch or two of my nose by the glossy, dark hand of the negro boy who acted as bed-maker to the car. I relieved him of my property, and peered out of my section. Vague sounds of stirring humanity were about.

What could be the matter with my young friend in that top berth of his? A narrow opening in my curtains enabled me to contemplate his proceedings unobserved. There were evidently serious difficulties behind the curtain. The side glimpses I caught showed me the unfortunate and well-named struggler in the position of the letter S. He was struggling with the problem of inducing his nether integuments while lying on his back in that coffin-like crib—not an easy or satisfactory process clearly, as the jerkings and contortions behind the curtain proved. Before long, however, he thrust out a dishevelled head and indignant red face, and, after a stern glance round, emerged feet foremost, and slid down to the floor.

"It's too bad, I vow," he growled.

"You couldn't sleep?"

"Oh, I slept well enough, thanks, for a novice. But on taking a first peep from behind my curtains just now, my eyes met those of an elderly lady, who, with an amazing disregard of all the proprieties, has been made tenant of the section opposite mine. I was fool enough to undress last night in the dark; but I can tell you, dressing on one's back in one of those confounded upper berths, without daring to protrude so much as an elbow, for fear of outraging a wakeful female's ideas of decency, is a feat that wants practice to do neatly."

"I condole heartily. We must try to get rid of our English squeamishness."

"All the same, it's a barbarous arrangement. Why don't the directors simply keep separate sleeping cars for men and women?"

"Why don't railway directors do a score of simple things? They're much the same all the world over."

To be continued.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XLVII.

COMING HOME.

LONG before Nuna expected she heard the sound of an arrival, and she knew by instinct that her husband had come back.

She made a desperate effort at calmness.

"I will not reproach him," she said; "the picture will speak for itself. If I speak out, I shall get passionate and foolish, as I used to be with my father."

But it did not occur to her, in her misery, that she had usually made this same resolution to be calm and reticent before each of those unhappy disputes at the Rectory.

She had made her resolution; but the strange, wild trouble that came on her as she heard Paul's step, kept her eyes from his face as he came in. She had an instinctive dread of betraying herself.

There is no use in attempting to revise life,—if I had done this at that moment, then such and such a calamity would have been spared me;" the chief events of our life are already graven for us with an ineffaceable writing. We may modify them; we may hasten or retard their coming; but from all eternity such and such joys and sorrows have been willed to our portion: only when we rail against this blind fate or destiny, or whatsoever else it may please us to name the inexorable law of being, we are apt to forget that freedom is left us—freedom to change thorns to roses, bitter to sweet—if we so strive to submit ourselves to all that is laid upon us, that our trials and griefs become at last the way we would have chosen, had such a choice been possible to poor, weak humanity.

But Nuna was far from such a goal;

and if she could have seen the beaming love in her husband's face, her undisciplined heart would have insisted that it was just that drooping of her eyelids, meant to hide agitation, which began the wretchedness of her life.

Paul was startled that she should sit there motionless. He looked round in utter amazement, and he saw Patty's portrait.

Man is probably a less irritating being than woman is; but he has usually one weakness in which he is unrivalled—whatever mischance happens, he must at once fix blame on somebody.

Paul had come home, his heart brimful of love and resolve to atone to Nuna for all he might have inflicted on her in the way of neglect; and yet, being a man, his first feeling at sight of the picture was that Nuna had been somehow to blame, or that it would not have been there at all.

He was annoyed, and he had that extremely disconcerting sensation to a self-possessed man—he felt awkward and uncomfortable. It seemed to him that a scene was inevitable; he hated scenes.

He walked past Nuna up to the picture.

Nuna's resolution fled away; her self-control seemed flying after it; she felt no power of restraint left in her, and yet she could not begin a quarrel with Paul.

"Why doesn't he speak to me?" she thought. "Why before my face does he show that she is more to him than I am?"

But these thoughts were too passionate to be long kept in bondage. Her bosom heaved with its wild throbbings; she must have suffocated if she had not spoken.

"Why did you let me see it at all? Why not carry on your deceit to the end?"

Even then her good angel pleaded. She was shocked by the bitterness of her own voice—the contempt of her words.

"Deceit!" Her manner stung Paul past bearing; it was a spark falling on the tinder vexation had made of his patience. "Don't talk such nonsense, Nuna. Deceit! One would think I was a child, accountable to you for everything I do!" He had been ready to say that he had meant to tell her everything; but pride stopped the words, and made him say just the reverse.

All the pride, too, in Nuna's nature stirred; she raised her head haughtily.

"You are very unjust. I never have expected you to tell me all you do, though I believe it would not have been unusual if I had expected it; but I must feel deceived when a thing of this kind goes on for weeks without my knowledge."

"A thing of what kind? In Heaven's name what do you mean? Mayn't I paint a woman's portrait without asking your leave first?"

Paul had lost command of his temper, and he knew it; and when he looked at his wife, there was such a new unwonted sternness in her eyes, that he shrunk from her almost with dislike. Nuna saw his movement, and read in it a fresh proof of his want of love for her.

She loved Paul too dearly to think of herself, or she might have known that by standing aloof with that hard proud look she was depriving herself of all power of soothing him. If she had only thrown her arms round his neck; only shown him that, spite of all, she loved him deeply still, Paul would have softened: but Nuna was like us all; she knew her own feelings, and she forgot that Paul could not know that her face was not speaking the language of her heart; each moment her bitterness increased.

"Of course," she said calmly, "if you think you have acted rightly, I have nothing more to say; but I don't see that you can expect me to agree with

you, or to feel pleased with what you have done."

She spoke more quietly, but so coldly, that Paul gazed at her in surprise.

"If there's one thing I have dreaded more than another in my life," he thought, "it has been jealousy. If Nuna is turning jealous, she'll drive me mad."

He stretched out his hand as if to impose silence, and Nuna's heart swelled more proudly still.

"You have quite mistaken me"—there was a sadness in his voice that tried her firmness—"and I have still more mistaken you. Will you hear what I have to say now, or will you try and recover yourself first?"

What a curse pride is, and specially when it gets uppermost in a woman! Here were these two poor human souls striving to get closer to each other, and yet, because each mantled itself in its own dignity, getting farther asunder.

"I have nothing to recover from," said Nuna. She kept her eyes away from Paul. "It is because I am so weak he despises me," she said to herself, in the strange hallucination that jealousy will work in the steadiest mind, "and he does despise me, or he would love me. He shall not say I am weak now."

Weak! Oh, Nuna! At the very moment when your weakness would have been to your husband the perfection of sweetness! What use in strength when you should be weakest?

Paul bowed his head: his thoughts were bitter enough. What a self-delusion he had created! He had longed so ardently for this return home,—hastened it; for what? to find the wife he dreamed that he possessed, cold, jealous, standing on her rights, as unlike the fond, devoted woman he had pictured, as his own feelings were unlike those of last night.

"When I got the commission to paint that picture," he said,—and he looked at it while he spoke,—"I did not know who Mrs. Downes was; and when I found out, I did not tell you for two reasons: first, I really thought you had too much sense to object to my paint-

ing it; and next, I believe Mrs. Downes does not wish to be known as Patty Westropp. I don't blame her for this; she's a rich, fashionable woman now. She is not in our way of life, and it seemed to me useless to discuss her at all."

Paul said all this in a cold, lofty way; he felt how lame it sounded, and yet he was vexed at his wife's continued silence.

He waited a few minutes; Nuna neither spoke nor moved; then he muttered something about breakfast, took up his hat, and went out.

"What is life for, I wonder?" he said, as eager now to get away from his home as he had been to come to it. "Surely the existence of Tantalus in the myth was a fair representation of what life has held for me."

And then he told himself it was all his own fault; that life was for men that which each made it for himself; that if he had not believed in women, and invested them with qualities of which they were incapable, he would not have been disappointed; and in the midst of this scepticism as to earthly bliss came the memory of his mother's loving, unselfish nature, and he sighed.

"I did not know what she was while I had her. I knew nothing of women then; they seemed to me far off, like a band of angels, almost too good to be loved even."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A COMMAND.

THE sittings for the unconscious working picture had spread over a much longer period than they seemed to occupy; possibly, the time had passed more quickly with Paul Whitmore than it had with Mrs. Downes—for Time has a knack of flying with artists; they seem always, to themselves, to progress so slowly.

The last fortnight of June had been singularly oppressive; there had been no rain for weeks, and the clouds were evidently sultry, and hung about of evenings in heavy masses, puffing out

a sulphureous breath, as if they meant shortly to let folks below know what was the sort of storm brewing up behind their shelter.

Roger had grown feebler and feebler; and now he lay on his comfortless bed, awaiting the arrival of Miss Coppock. His face had that unnatural hue which paleness produces on a sun-burnt skin; but there was a blue tinge on his lips, and a sunken extinguished look in his eyes, which told a beholder that the flame of life had got low in that wiry body stretched out on the bed.

He was restless with fever and impatience; yet, true to his restrained nature, he kept still; his long gaunt limbs showing through the scanty bed-covering like those of some recumbent effigy in stone.

"She'll come," he muttered; "I knows the ways of her." He smiled, and the effect was ghastly; for the smile did not go beyond his lips. "I saw that day in the street she'd be willing to do just what she thought Patty might mislike; they've fallen out, I take it. Well, it seldom answers for mistress and maid to change places; and that's about the case with Miss Coppock and Patty."

Here the door was softly opened, and Patience came in.

She came up to the bedside, rustling her silk skirts, and speaking in the high-pitched artificial voice which seemed to her to be a sign of breeding; but the ashen face, the faded eyes, the aspect as of a shadow cast by a coming presence, made her words falter as they came, and then cease altogether.

Roger moved his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed there. A strong expression of repugnance came over him as he noticed a new unreal bloom on Miss Coppock's cheeks.

"Old fool!" he muttered, "is she going in to rival Patty in looks? She weren't comely ever, but now she don't look wholesome."

"I'm so sorry," Patience began, finding he made no answer to her first greeting.

Roger's eyebrows had lowered, and he looked up at her through the thick grey thatch.

"Are you, ma'am? I ought most like to say, I thank you. Why should you be sorry, Miss Coppock?"

"Dear Mr. Westropp, what a question!" Patience felt nervous at his new tone towards her; her affectation came back, and she had her high voice again. "Surely mere common feeling makes any one sorry to see a fellow-creature suffer; but, besides that, I consider you quite an old friend, and the father of dear Mrs. Downes, too. Why, there are such abundant reasons."

"Be there?" He lay looking at her with a hard inquiry in his eyes; it seemed to Patience he had sent for her only to gibe, and that she had better go away.

"I'm sure, Mr. Westropp, if I'd known——"

"Then it were just for love of me and of Martha," he interrupted her, "that you came, eh, ma'am? were it, indeed? I'm afeared I don't feel as thankful as I ought; and did you think I sent for you for the pleasure of looking at you, ma'am?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Westropp!"—and then she stopped, frightened into a sort of quailing submission by the unexpected energy of Roger's words, and the kindling of his sunken eyes.

"Listen, if you please, ma'am—for much talking don't suit me, I ain't the strength for it—don't let Patty come a-nigh me; if I go, she'll be glad enough, there'll be no fear left then of my turning up to disgrace her, but I don't want her here beforehand. I sent for you, ma'am, to tell me where Miss Nuna bides in London."

Patience started; she thought he was wandering.

"My dear Mr. Westropp, why should you trouble yourself at such a time about Mrs. Whitmore? I'll do anything for you that is to be done; only tell me, please, what you'd like. I think you ought to have a better nurse than that old woman."

"Very like you do; perhaps I do too; but don't you put trouble on yourself as you've no call to. I put one trust in you, ma'am, and you failed me. I asked you to keep Patty from spendthrift,

wasteful ways, and, instead of that, why you axially help spend my money—yes, *my* money—you know well enough it were mine by honest right. Look at your silks and your flouncings;" he grew more vehement as he felt his strength leaving him; "you've got my property on your back, that's how you kep' faithful to your promise."

His last words were thick and choked; and he lay still, panting and labouring for breath.

Patience had no experience of illness in others; Roger's anger and his exhaustion frightened her equally; she felt he ought not to be left to die there alone, and yet she shrank from staying beside him.

"I shall tell Patty he's ill," she said to herself: "there's no use in listening to his raving; she's his own daughter, and she ought to see after him."

She was not looking at Roger; she thought his eyes were still closed, and she moved like a cat towards the door.

"Stay where you are," he spoke sternly,—he knew that fear would keep her stationary; "why do you go before you know what you was wanted for?"

"I beg your pardon,"—Patience was afraid to tell the truth,—"I was only going to tell your nurse you were ill."

Roger lay looking at her curiously, almost with a smile on his face.

"Women 'ull all lie if they can get the chance," he said. "I ain't got a nurse, and you warn't going farther down nor the street-door. Go there, and welcome; but listen to me fust. Find your way to Miss Nuna's house, and tell her I bide here, and I want her,—quick too." He saw refusal in Patience's face, and he raised his hand warningly. "There beant overmuch that I believes in," he went on, "but I've heerd a dyin' person's curse ain't a safe thing to have laid on one. I'll lay mine on you if you don't do as I bid ye."

"My goodness!" Miss Coppock was alarmed out of all her gentility. "Whatever are you thinking about? Of course I will. Lor', Mr. Westropp, don't be so dreadful, don't; don't stare at me like that; oh, good heavens! he's dying."

Her voice grew into a shriek; for Roger lay panting again, with eyes and mouth widely opened, and she thought he would die while still angry with her. "Oh, Roger Westropp, I'll go to Miss Nuna; I'll do everything you bid me if you only say, 'Bless you, Patience Coppock,' and shake hands."

It had come to the ex-milliner that she was undergoing a realization of one of the scenes in her favourite romances, and this light taught her that the best antidote to a curse was a blessing from the lips which had threatened it.

"Bless you, Patience Coppock; but you're mortal wrong if you look for profit from blessin' o' mine—you may go now;" his fingers twitched so restlessly, that she was forced to loosen the grasp she had laid on them. His eyes moved towards the door; she saw how impatient he was she should go.

"Good-bye," she said, "it shan't be my fault if Mrs. Whitmore doesn't come to you at once."

CHAPTER XLIX.

MISS COPPOCK'S WARNING.

WHEN Nuna was fairly alone, she burst into passionate weeping.

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done? driven him away by my jealousy, and he'll never come back!"

She started up and ran to the door, but it was too late: the hall-door banged loudly; Paul was gone.

He had come home a day sooner than she expected, and instead of springing forward to welcome him, she had sat like a stone, and then, without waiting for any explanation about the picture, had reproached him with deceit.

"Whatever a husband does, a wife is bound to honour him and love him." Poor Nuna's tears dropped like scalding rain over the slender hands pressed against her throbbing bosom. "And what has Paul done? He could not do anything wrong, he is an artist, and he must admire beauty; don't I worship beauty in women, and how can he help it? Oh, my darling! my darling! come back to me."

This penitent mood lasted some time, but Nuna wanted stronger help than mere feeling, against herself. Jealousy in an ardent nature is like devouring flame; you may slake it and it seems extinguished, but it lies smouldering, ready to leap up in active life at the slightest arousing.

She had kept steadily away from the picture, but afternoon came, and still Paul had not returned. She went up to it desperately and looked at it.

Her dinner had been sent away untasted, she looked haggard and worn, and she knew it.

"What can he feel when he sees us side by side?" she said. She went abruptly and fetched a hand mirror from her bedroom, and then she placed herself before the picture, and forced herself to compare every feature with Patty's.

There was a passionate glow in her eyes at first, but as she persisted in her painful work her cheeks grew pale, and the firmly compressed lips parted into a listless look of despondency.

Her jealousy had been maddening, but it took a new despairing element as she noted with unsparing eyes the total want of any resemblance between herself and the beautiful face in the picture. It would have been easier to bear Paul's admiration for another, if it had been attracted by charms which in any way reflected her own; but between Nuna and Patty there was the wide difference which time can never bridge over. Painting could not do any more justice to Patty than it can do justice to any beautiful woman; but it could represent, in a measure, all the loveliness she possessed. Nuna's beauty was so entirely dependent on expression, on the ever-varying emotions which seem to lay the soul bare beneath the pure transparent skin, that it was no wonder she was unconscious of any power to charm; no wonder either that her heart sank like lead as she stood comparing her own face with Patty's. The beautiful picture smiled at her, not cruelly, Nuna thought, but in pity at her weakness.

She put the glass down on the table, and struggled hard against the disorder which she felt was mastering her soul.

She was humbled at her own vanity, it was new to Nuna to care about her looks.

"How silly I have grown! she thought, sadly; "was Elizabeth right when she said I could never guide myself?" She made another effort at steadiness. Already she knew, even with her imperfect self-knowledge, that agitation and disquiet were as open doors to the subtle temptation which had destroyed her peace. If she would not be conquered by her jealousy, she must be self-restrained.

"Why don't I believe all Paul says? I do believe entirely his view of it. If I could only not think that horrid woman tries to make him like her better than he likes me!" and then she strove to think that if she were really the trusting wife she called herself, she should be sure of her husband's love.

But this last argument was an unhappy one; the poor devoted heart might blame itself, but nature and truth would be heard; and they both spoke out from the very depths of her love.

"There's no use in being miserable." She pushed her hair out of her eyes, and almost a look of her girlish archness came back. "Paul may not love me as I love him. I'm not worth it, most likely, but I am his wife, and he's much too good and too honourable to give way to liking Patty. I must see her." She shrank as she spoke, but she nerved herself against her reluctance. "Perhaps I have been wronging her, perhaps she loves her own husband very much, and I have been making myself miserable for nothing at all."

The afternoon was changing into evening when at last she heard footsteps on the stairs; but an instant's listening told Nuna this was not Paul's rapid tread. The servant announced Miss Coppock, but Nuna was so startled by the change in her looks that she hardly recognized her old dressmaker.

Miss Coppock came in voluble and high-voiced, a mixture of servility and patronage: surroundings were much in

her estimation, and to find her former employer in an old-fashioned part of London, with not even a regular drawing-room to receive her in, was to Patience a decided confession of inferiority. She had driven to St. John Street in a cab this afternoon, but she was going home to one of the best houses in Park Lane, and she drove out daily in Mrs. Downes's fashionable carriage, yet in the midst of these self-complacent suggestions, every now and then, something in Nuna's refined face, in the gentle courtesy of her words and her manner, sent the ex-dressmaker back to her own rank of life, and made her feel like an impostor.

"You are surprised to see me, Mrs. Whitmore, I dare say, but I have brought you a message from Roger Westropp."

She looked round her at this, and she saw Patty's picture.

Miss Coppock gave a little start—Mr. Whitmore must have told his wife, after all—but Nuna was questioning her about Roger's message, so she was forced to be patient.

"I suppose Roger has sent for his daughter," said, Nuna; "she sees him sometimes, of course?"

And then Nuna blushed; it seemed to her that she was prying into Patty's arrangements.

"Not often." Patience laughed spitefully; it was a relief to have found some one to whom she could speak freely.

"She can't like Patty; it's not in a woman's nature," she said to herself. "Well, Mrs. Whitmore, you see Mrs. Downes has a position to maintain, and all that kind of thing takes time, you know; and going to court and fêtes and balls and operas is, of course, of far more consequence than going to see an old father, when we're ashamed of him. Dear me, yes, she don't even know he's ill!" here Miss Coppock laughed again.

But she had quite misunderstood her listener's silence; a flush of indignation rose in Mrs. Whitmore's face. Miss Coppock had told her she was Mrs. Downes's confidential friend, and Nuna was disgusted at her treachery.

"I will go and see Roger Westropp as soon as possible," she said, coldly. "If I find him very ill,"—she was thinking aloud, rather than addressing her companion,—*"I shall write to Mrs. Downes."*

Mrs. Whitmore's manner irritated Patience; the woman had been stung and goaded by Roger's taunts till she was ready to vent her resentment on the first victim she met with: she had felt sure of Nuna's sympathy, and the fresh rebuff made her spite overbear her prudence.

"I wouldn't really, Mrs. Whitmore;" she shook her head and gave Nuna a look full of compassion. "I dare say you didn't know it, but when Mrs. Downes was only Patty Westropp she never could say a civil word of you; and *now*, it stands to reason that she can't like you."

Nuna grew crimson; she stiffened into haughtiness.

"I really do not care to hear what Mrs. Downes thinks of me; but if I find her father very ill, I shall certainly write and tell her, Miss Coppock."

Here Patience met a look in those deep liquid eyes which almost made her rise from her seat; it carried her back to the time when she had stood, pins in hand, fitting on Miss Nuna's dresses.

She looked at her own silk skirts, and then at Nuna's simple muslin gown, and the contrast gave her fresh courage.

"Of course, Mrs. Whitmore, you must do as you think fit; but if I was in your position, knowing all that I do know, I would not interfere between Mrs. Downes and her father."

She waited here, but Nuna would not question her; she was anxious to get rid of her visitor, and she thought silence the surest way.

Miss Coppock sat some moments, but she meant to have her say out whether Nuna helped her or not.

"Good morning, Mrs. Whitmore." She rose to go away; but she would not see Nuna's outstretched hand; her anger had got beyond the bounds of decorum. "Well, Mrs. Whitmore, be warned or

not as you please; all I know is, if I had married a man who had been head-over-ears in love with Patty Westropp, I shouldn't like him to spend all his time with her as he does spend it now; and, above all, I'd take care not to vex her. Mrs. Downes don't spare anyone who stands in the way of her vanity,—I know that."

She rustled off; a twinge of conscience made her turn her head away. She did not want to see how Mrs. Whitmore had received her warning.

CHAPTER L

NUNA'S PROMISE TO ROGER.

WHEN Paul came in at last, and told his wife not to sit up for him, as he was going to the theatre with friends, it seemed to Nuna as if she had heard the words before; as if this cold, estranged manner of her husband's were the reality of her life, and all the brighter, fonder ideas she had fancied or cherished, dreams.

And when next morning came and he sat opposite her at breakfast, hardly speaking a word but absorbed in his paper, she felt it was useless to struggle against fate: complaint and explanation would only alienate him altogether.

Her jealousy seemed dead; what right had she to be jealous? She had married Paul knowing he had loved Patty, and she had been so willing to believe his love for herself, that she had not paused to reflect on the rapidity with which he had transferred his affections. In the long hours of the last sleepless night she had had spare time to realize this thought, and to feel its truth.

"I gave my love too easily; I was won at once; I have made my own life," she said, in a quiet mood that was neither submission nor despair; "and now I have got to live it." She did not do herself the justice of remembering how hard she had pleaded against the hurry of her marriage.

She had so shrunk from approaching the subject of Patty, that she had not told Paul of Miss Coppock's message; and he had gone out now, and would

not be home till evening. Nuna hesitated to go and see Roger unknown to her husband.

"But Miss Coppock seems to think he is dying; it is wicked to delay. Suppose he dies alone?"

She shrank a little at the idea of finding herself by Roger's death-bed; but, in her cottage visiting, she had met with death, and it did not terrify her so much.

She went; she found the squalid house at last, after about twenty inquiries, and gave a timid knock at the door. Even her unobservant eyes were shocked by the dirty, ruinous aspect of everything: moss had found a home in every crack of the stone steps; and the parlour window looked as if it had received the mud splashes of a twelvemonth.

The door opened slowly, and then she recognized Roger Westropp.

His stern face lightened over with a smile. "Will you please walk in, ma'am?" he said.

Nuna went on into the little room, but she had no eyes for the squalor around her. Roger's face had taken her back to Ashton; for the first time since her marriage she wished herself in her old life again.

She seated herself on the shabby, faded green sofa, but Roger remained standing. Nuna was still to him his young mistress; neither his wealth nor her poverty could work any change in their relative positions.

"It's very kind on you to come, ma'am." Nuna smiled up at him, looking so young and sweet and bright, that Roger felt all his old worship of her revived.

"I'm so glad to see you so much better, Roger; I was afraid I should find you very ill indeed,—Miss Coppock said you were."

Roger's face clouded over; he put both hands behind his back and stiffened into hardness.

"She said so, did she? and yet she's never came anear this morning to see if I wur dead, or livin'! I wur mortal ill yesterday, ma'am, but towards evenin' I took a turn, and this mornin' I'm better

still. I'm afeared I'll disappoint some folks a while longer as'd be glad to feel there was a few feet of earth between they and their secrets."

"Oh! please don't say so, Roger." Nuna spoke in a shocked, distressed voice; almost as if she were crying.

"I'm only sayin' truth, but that there's not what I've got to say to you, ma'am. If you'd ha' come yesterday, maybe I'd ha'said more, but now——" He fumbled in his waistcoat, pulled out a bit of folded paper, and then slowly opened it and flattened it on the mantelshelf, before he turned to put it in Nuna's hand.

As her eyes followed his movements, they fell on Patty's likeness still resting against the blurred looking-glass. All the colour faded from Nuna's face; her eyes lost their liquid dancing light; one instant, so it seemed to Roger Westropp, had robbed her of her beauty and her youth. But Nuna did not notice his earnest, attentive glance; her eyes remained fixed on the little portrait.

"Have you seen my daughter, Miss Nuna?" he said with a sharp, inquisitive look.

"No."

"Why not?" he said bluntly; "I hear your good gentleman sees her most days." Nuna changed colour with startling rapidity; she felt his keen gaze on her face, and she had no strength to hide her agitation.

Roger was noting every change; the drooping head, the quivering lips, the varying colour; and silently he put these side by side with Miss Coppock's talk.

His wits were keen, but they were not inventive, and he stood some minutes before he could see his way to helping Nuna in her trouble.

"It's just as it were at Ashton," he said to himself; "Patty don't care a fig for the fellow herself, but she can't abide to spare him to another woman—the vain hussy!"

And yet, mingling with his pity for Nuna, came a sort of fatherly pride in Patty's beauty.

Nuna opened the paper.

"'Messrs. Jones & Co.' I don't understand," she faltered.

"You've got to put that writin' by, ma'am, till so be as you hear as I'm taken; then if you goes with it to Chancery Lane, you'll get full informations at the office; but"—he stopped and looked at Nuna to impress her with the importance of his next words—"don't you take no notice to my daughter about that paper, nor to Miss Patience, neither."

"I'm not likely to see either of them," said Nuna, proudly; and she got up to go away.

Roger looked at her, and he smiled in his own peculiar fashion.

"That bit of paper may be of use to you some day, ma'am, for all you don't seem to set no store by it now; I'm a-going now to ask you to do something for me."

"What is it?" Nuna smiled; she was vexed at her own ungraciousness. "I am very glad to do anything for you, Roger."

"Thank you, ma'am; it's to go to Park Lane, No. 7, and ask for Mrs. Downes. See her, if ye please—don't you be put off with no Miss Coppocks,—you see Patty, and tell her to come and see me directly; if she don't come to me, then I goes to her."

Nuna stood trembling.

"I can't," she said; "your daughter would think me an intruder. No, indeed I can't."

"Listen here, ma'am." He touched Nuna's clasped hands with one bony finger. "You was always a good young lady to your father, and others besides; you're not a-goin' to refuse to send Patty to me when I'm sick and wantin' to speak with her? She's my own child, Miss Nuna. She ain't a lovin' child like you, ma'am, but she'll come if you says them words to her plain and straight—she'll come."

"Can't I write instead?" Nuna urged.

Something in Roger's stern voice and his tall, gaunt height, made her feel like a child with him.

"No, ma'am, writin' won't do. You'll not refuse an old servant, Miss Nuna?" he said earnestly; "it's life and death, I may so say, for me to see Patty. I

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shan't rest easy till you give me your word as you'll go straight to Park Lane."

While he spoke, a strange, wild plan had darted into Nuna's mind. Why should she not see Patty? She had wished it herself yesterday, and then had shrunk from asking Paul.

"Am I always to be a coward?" she said, and she nerved herself with the struggle only timid natures know, and yet which, once achieved, lifts them to even daring bravery.

"I'll go," she said, abruptly. "Must it be to-day?"

"Yes, to-day, ma'am." His manner had altered; he saw that Nuna could only be compelled into his service by her belief in its importance to himself. "Unless Patty knows to-day, there's no use in telling of her. Thank you, ma'am, I'm obliged to you."

He opened the door while Nuna stood looking at him; she had not yet realized that which she was about to do.

CHAPTER LI.

A GOSSIP AT THE "BLADEBONE."

THERE is a sensation well-known to persons of a nervous temperament; a something more or less akin to second sight. It is not presentiment; it is rather a consciousness of that which takes place respecting them in the mind of another, and it may exist in a mind entirely free from any leaning to mesmeric influence. When Nuna's thoughts were drawn so strongly to Ashton, she was on the lips and in the hearts of her friends there, and her coming among them was the subject of desire—even of written entreaty.

Mrs. Bright's round, rosy face, which no amount of straw-coloured bonnet trimming or white lace veil could pale, was full of excitement as she walked from the Parsonage gate to the "Bladebone."

If she had not spied out Mrs. Fagg on the doorstep, I incline to think that Will's mother would so far have forgotten the proprieties of life as to communicate her news to Bob the ostler,

with whom she had left her pony-carriage on her first arrival in the village. For with Mrs. Bright "the proprieties" were a lesson still. In her husband's lifetime she had been left free. Will's public-school education had made him more fastidious than his father about outside matters; but the Miss Parsneps were the oracles who really influenced Mrs. Bright—the Miss Parsneps who always knew the right thing, and did it; who seemed never to be compelled to ask with the poet, "And what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?" even about so momentous a point with them as the wearing of flounces by maid-servants.

Mrs. Bright sometimes told herself that the Miss Parsneps must have had "opinions" in their cradles. They were so very settled, while she, poor plump body, was for ever changing in her endeavours to fit on a skin of consistent propriety, which nature had never meant her to wear.

With all her unswerving devotion to the aristocratic spinsters, she was never quiet at ease with them. It was a relief to talk to a person who, like Mrs. Fagg, was her acknowledged inferior, and yet sufficiently well-taught to keep her place, even when Mrs. Bright, in the full gush of her confidence, sometimes forgot her own position. The reason of this might lie in the fact that Mrs. Fagg had the rare but ignoble gift of being satisfied with the state of life in which she had been born, and had no desire to tread on the heels of her superiors.

The months that have passed since we last saw these two, have brought little change to the smooth skin and bright cheery eyes of the comely widow; but there is more alteration in Mrs. Fagg. It is hard to give this alteration in words; it is scarcely a physical change.

There may be a paler tint on her face; the earnest eyes, set so far under her square, sharp-templed brows, may be a trace more careworn and sunken, but the mouth is less firm; there is a chastened sweetness in the smile that greets Mrs. Bright; an almost liquid light in the blue eyes—that light which we asso-

ciate instantaneously with motherhood—there is so much of fostering love in it. Looking up at Mrs. Fagg from the bottom of the steps, and remembering your first impression of her, you say to yourself,—if you are a thoughtful person,—

"This innkeeper's wife has passed through some great sorrow since I saw her last, or maybe some great joy."

For though prosperity is apt to harden the heart by turning its love on itself and its own possessions, yet at its first incoming it unseals a spring of thankfulness which will gush forth on those near it; and, if this spring be kept unchoked by pride and greed, who is to say that prosperity may not be as helpful as adversity? But this is a digression: for it was sorrow in the beginning that had changed Mrs. Fagg.

"How's Dennis to-day?" said Mrs. Bright, raising her flounced muslin as she stepped upwards; and in former times Mrs. Fagg would have soliloquised, "Vain old fool," at sight of the said flounces; but toleration had grown of late with sorrow, with the mistress of the "Bladebone," and, besides, the question was an engrossing one.

"Well, ma'am, I'm sorry to say, thank you, not quite so well; there's a thundery feel in the air, and I fancy he's much more sensible to weather-change now than what he used to be, and he's tired besides; he's asleep just now."

"Ah! then of course I won't go and see him." Mrs. Bright gave a sigh of relief.

Dennis had had a sudden illness in the winter, and had been ever since a helpless invalid; his speech was imperfect, and it was no easy matter to keep up a conversation with him.

"Anyway you couldn't see Dennis now, ma'am." There was the old acerbity in Mrs. Fagg, and her head jerked back in a minute. "Miss Menella Parsnep's been with him an hour to-day, and in my opinion she's been too much for him, though she have read him to sleep."

"Oh! how can you, Mrs. Fagg? why, I should have thought it such a privilege for dear Miss Menella to take so much notice of Dennis."

Mrs. Bright had rather surprised herself. She knew that she had spoken just as one of the Miss Parsneps themselves would have spoken, but her feelings were somehow jarred by her own words.

"You see, ma'am,"—Mrs. Fagg spoke in her driest voice,—"*you think a deal of them Miss Parsneps, and I think a deal o' Dennis,—that's how it is. Miss Parsneps is well enough in their way; but then, what a very small way it is! If God Almighty didn't shape two elm leaves exact and similar, it ain't likely He meant men and women folk to follow suit, and squeeze themselves to one pattern; each one's way is best for each one's self.*" Then, with sharp emphasis, "There's that Miss Menella been tryin' to persuade Dennis he'd be better, if he went down to Primrose Place and let her nurse him awhile."

"Dear Miss Menella, has she really?" Mrs. Bright's plump hands pressed themselves together in a gush of enthusiasm. "How good and kind she is! just like a sister of charity, or a nursing mother, or an angel."

"Not much of that," Mrs. Fagg smiled, as a vision of the tall, bony figure of Miss Parsnep came with Mrs. Bright's words; "and if she'd only asked Dennis, poor soul! But to sit and tell me I should find it a relief, and I should get through twice as much work without him! I've thought old maids apt at keeping married women to their work; picking holes and interfering about children and such where they can in the manner of doing it: but to tell a wife she'd do anything better without her husband beside her, than with him, and him ill, passes belief, and patience too, for that matter."

Mrs. Fagg ended abruptly as if her tongue had run away with her, and had been brought to a halt against its will.

"She didn't mean that,"—Mrs. Bright always suffered at any break in the harmony of her neighbours; "but you know you've had a great deal of anxious nursing and care since Christmas; and Bobby having scarlet fever, and peeling so dreadfully on the top of everything; and although nobody did take infection,

still they might, which to me makes Miss Menella all the kinder."

Mrs. Fagg made no answer. Mrs. Bright's sentences, like some folks' notes, had a way of tying themselves in a double knot, and defied analysis.

She led the way into the little parlour where Paul had looked out of window and admired the garden of the "Blade-bone." The roses were in full blossom, and the jackdaw, with his head on one side, seemed to have been popping in and out of the espaliers ever since we last saw him.

"I came here to tell you some good news," said Mrs. Bright, when she was comfortably settled on the sofa; "I don't know when I've been so flurried; it took me quite off my head."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Fagg, gravely; "how's Mrs. Beaufort, ma'am?"

"Well, it's not that"—the widow tried to look dolorous—"she's worse than she's been at all. I'm sure it's a sight to see that poor dear Rector, an Oxford man too, going about wringing his hands as one might do oneself,"—here she caught herself up. "I don't say one would; I'm not sure, now I call it to mind, I ever saw any one walk about wringing their hands before; and certainly it looks conspicuous in a man because of the awkwardness of coat-sleeves; but when one thinks how the Rector reads Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew too, just as easy as you or I read recipes"—she was careful to choose a suitable allusion for Mrs. Fagg's comprehension—"it seems a pity at such a time his learning shouldn't be any use to him."

"I don't fancy Greek and Latin's meant for that," said Mrs. Fagg; "but what is the good news, ma'am?"

"What a tongue she's got!" said the landlady to herself; "it's like that there compass the Rector gave to Bobby before he went to school. How it did shake, shake, shake; wag, wag, wag, before it settled to a point."

"Well"—Mrs. Bright's face broadened into a beaming smile, that seemed to bring her forehead and her chin nearer together, and to send her round, soft

bloomy cheeks crushing into the full tulle bordering against which they glowed—"what do you think of Miss Nuna being expected at the Rectory? at least she's been sent for."

"Most time, too; and it's my belief, if she'd been asked in a proper manner, she'd have come long ago. There never was a spice of malice in Miss Nuna; never."

Mrs. Fagg's mouth took its old set look. She was ready to defend her favourite against all assailants.

"I'm very fond of Nuna Beaufort, Mrs. Whitmore, I mean." Mrs. Bright spoke in a clucking voice, as she thought Miss Menella would have spoken. "But I never take a child's part against a parent, especially when he is a clergyman, it's against the course of nature;" then, feeling herself uncomfortable on her stilts, "Yes, she's coming at once, I believe, dear child; and I've no doubt it will have the best effect on Mrs. Beaufort."

"I'm sure I hope it may, ma'am." Sounds outside announced that the pony-carriage was ready, and Mrs. Fagg assisted in tucking away the flounces, and then stood on the door-step till her visitor was out of sight.

"Dennis used to say,"—the landlady looked pensive; her husband's sayings were treasured up like golden mottoes now,—"that nothing was made, which there wasn't a use for. Now, I'd like to know the use o' them heaps o' words as Mrs. Bright drops out by the gallon, for all the world like flakes o' snow; they come out and out, so soft and smooth, no roughness or shape in 'em; nothing as you can call 'em to mind by. She's a right good soul; but she's for all the world like a babe out without its nurse."

CHAPTER LII.

PATTY'S ADMIRER.

MRS. DOWNES was in her pretty sitting-room; looking like her picture, as she sat very much in the same attitude in which Paul had painted her, an attitude so

easy and natural that it seemed to be a part of herself.

Opposite to her, on so low a seat that he had to raise his eyes to her face, was a young man as picturesque, but not so natural-looking, as Patty herself.

Lord Seton's face had a gipsy type in it; large, dark southern eyes, made effeminate by the length of the black eyelashes; a skin, dark rather from nature than from exposure to atmosphere; a small characterless nose, and a large listless mouth: these, with an abundance of black, silky hair and beard, seemed more fitted for a costume model, than in keeping with the faultless dress and conventional manner that belonged to them.

His eyes were fixed intently on Patty, but she was not looking at him; she was playing with her rings, twisting Maurice's last gift, a posy of brilliants, round and round one white rounded finger.

She caught herself doing this and smiled.

"I am forgetting all De Mirancourt's lessons on repose,—but what nonsense." Her soft brows narrowed a little—"How absurd I am! just as if by this time I can't trust to my own steering, just as if I don't know quite as much about life, and ever so much more about fashion, than De Mirancourt did, poor old hunchback!"

The day had been unusually warm; and although it is very pleasant to be worshipped by a pair of beautiful eyes, still there had been nothing to entertain or divert Mrs. Downes's consciousness from the oppression of the atmosphere. She began to wish Lord Seton would find his tongue; she was the least bit in the world tired of him.

He was supremely happy; his seat was most comfortable; he had a charming subject of contemplation; he wanted perhaps a cigar; but he could have stayed there content for another hour.

Patty's voice startled him from his dreams.

"You really must go. I have to pay visits, and then to meet Mr. Downes

in the Park. You'll make me quite unpunctual."

Lord Seton gave an impatient stretch, and then recollected himself; but Patty had seen the movement, and she pouted.

"What have I done?" he said timidly. "Surely, you don't really care to be thought punctual? Do you know I detest punctual people?" And then he looked at Mrs. Downes to see whether his words had impressed or offended her.

He thought her very charming, the most charming woman he had ever seen; and there was a piquancy, a something different from the women among whom he had been brought up, which amused him extremely; but yet he was afraid of her. Something unlooked for, every now and then, disturbed even his sleepy admiration, and made him feel as if he had lost the usual landmarks by which he guided his conduct to women.

"You will be at the Busheys' to-night," he said; and Patty let him hold her hand while she answered. He thought she liked him to stand looking down into her eyes for his answer, but Patty was only considering how she should have felt two years ago, if she had been told that a Duke's son—a younger son certainly, but still the son of a Duke—would stand holding her hand, and imploring her with beseeching glances to meet him at a ball, given by a woman of decided fashion.

"I don't know," she smiled; "I've told you my engagements all depend on my husband: if he likes to go, you may possibly see us there; but I think it unpardonably selfish in a woman only to study herself in these matters."

"Mr. Downes is very much to be envied," and then Lord Seton went away.

"Poor young fellow!" said Patty: "if anything happened to Maurice, I know he'd want to marry me at once; but I don't think I'd have him, he is only a lord, and he has no money to speak of. I'm not rich enough even with all Maurice will leave me to keep up a mere title, and enjoy life too."

She sat musing, conscious, as she looked towards the long mirror between

the windows, of the charming contrast her white dimpled fingers made against the rosy cheek that nestled in them.

"There's one excellent quality in Maurice, I must say,—he's a gentleman; he has none of Patience Coppock's low notions about jealousy and so on. He said to me yesterday that nothing shows him so much how thoroughly fitted I am for society, as the rapid way in which my visiting list has filled up. He has plenty of sense, too; he knows that, clever as I am, my secluded school life has been a disadvantage, and he's glad of course that I should spend my afternoons with as many visitors as possible; the higher class the better. I look on Lord Seton as a part of my education;" and she gave a merry laugh.

She heard the outer door open, and gave a slight yawn.

"Oh dear! I meant to ring, and say I would not see anyone else, to-day."

But it was not an actual visitor; only a lady who wanted specially to see Mrs. Downes.

"A lady? is she in the drawing-room? You can send Miss Coppock to her."

"Miss Coppock isn't in, ma'am, and the lady said her business was entirely with you—a message from Mr. Westropp, ma'am."

Patty's face rarely told tales; but there was an unusual gravity on it, as she bade the servant show the visitor upstairs.

"I am not at home to anyone else," she said.

Mrs. Downes puzzled for a moment in guessing at her visitor; and then her quickness told her it must be Mrs. Whitmore.

Roger certainly would not have employed a stranger to call on her; besides, he knew no one,—how could he?

There had been an angry smart at first, as if some one had struck her a blow. At times Patty succeeded so completely in forgetting her former identity, that the being reminded of it came with a sense of injury; but this did not last. She was not capable of reading Nuna thoroughly, but her sharp perceptive wits gathered in the upper

surface of character, and she knew there was no fear that Mrs. Whitmore would betray her secret, even if Mr. Downes should come in during her visit. Before Nuna was half-way upstairs, Mrs. Downes was smiling at the triumph she anticipated over her former superior.

"We shall see who is the best lady now, Miss Nuna Beaufort."

Nuna's heart throbbed so violently, that she scarcely saw distinctly as she came into the room, and then she was conscious of a pleased surprise.

Patty's greeting was so easy, so graceful, so exactly that which could not have been expected in their strange relative positions, that all memory of the picture and her own sorrow floated away from Nuna, and gave place to a strong feeling of interest in the changed fortunes of Patty Westropp.

The intensity of Nuna's love for Paul made her prone to jealousy of his affection, but there was no trace of envy in her nature. As she looked round the luxurious room, the thought of old Roger and the misery in which he lived oppressed her.

"I have just come from your father."

Her low, clear voice was tremulous as she gave Roger's message, and Patty noticed it.

"I knew she'd be nervous," she thought; "this shows me how right I was when I said clothes and show make people self-possessed; and that fool of a Patience contradicted me to my face!"

"Yes." Patty's smile was not so beaming as when she had greeted Nuna. "I sent to inquire for him not long ago; he is better, I hope; but, Mrs. Whitmore, he does not care to be spoken of as my father. I changed my name to Latimer when I came into property, and it was then arranged that he and I should live apart."

Nuna felt rebuked; she scarcely knew why; but a feeling of resentment was already beginning against Mrs. Downes.

Patty was polite, smiling, amiable; but her manner, her voice even, suggested that she was years older than Mrs. Whitmore, and had an indulgent

pity for her ignorance of the world and its ways.

"Then you don't consider him your father; but I suppose you do as he wishes?"

Patty laughed; but the silvery peal grated on Nuna just then,—she thought it sounded heartless.

"Well, that depends: I suppose now you are married you don't always find yourself able to do as Mr. Beaufort wishes?"

She had not spoken at random; she had gathered from Paul all the Ashton news she wanted, but she was startled at the effect of her words.

Nuna's conscience had been stifled when she resolved not to countenance her father's marriage; it had roused sometimes, and then she had tried to quiet it by writing to him in her old loving way, with a studious avoidance of Elizabeth's name; but as time had gone on, and Mr. Beaufort had left off answering her letters, Nuna had felt herself still more aggrieved, and consequently still more in the right, and conscience had slept. Her heart had been so full of Paul, that home and all relating to it had grown to be far off, unfamiliar. The studio in St. John Street had been her world.

Patty's question stung through all grievances, all fancied wrongs.

Her father was not as old as Roger, but he was no longer young; and she was his only child; and she had left him to the sole care of a woman she knew to be cold and selfish.

"And he was not cold," sighed Nuna. No thought of Patty's presence restrained her; emotion always lifted Nuna beyond any conventional out-works. She clasped both hands over her eyes.

Patty smiled in undisguised amusement.

"How terribly unformed and impulsive she is! and I used to think her so lady-like. I suppose, poor thing, she can't afford to visit,—lives quite shut up, I daresay."

"How is Mr. Whitmore?" she said. But Nuna had recovered herself; she felt that a fresh trouble had started

into life, but she thrust it bravely away till she should be alone. Patty's words brought her back to the present, vividly.

"Quite well, thank you." She was able to look calmly into Mrs. Downes's lovely blue eyes.

"I'm so glad." Patty spoke with sympathy in her voice. "Do you know I felt a little anxious about him; he has been painting my portrait lately,"—she spoke with a little conscious look, just as if she were in Paul's confidence,—“and I was so sorry to see the change in him; he looked pale and thin, and he was so grave; but I suppose marriage makes men older.”

She laughed; she saw a flush on the delicate face; and it vexed her to be obliged to recognize Mrs. Whitmore's beauty. She was surprised to see Nuna smile.

"I must be going. I only came to give your father's message." The spell that Patty had held over Nuna broke with her last words. In an instant Mrs. Downes was again Patty Westropp, and all the superficial polish failed to hide the real want of refinement from Nuna's intuitive insight. "You will go and see Roger then, won't you?" she said, but there was not a trace of shyness in her voice; "he is expecting you. Good day."

She was gone before Patty had had time to re-assert her sway,—Patty, who, for the first time since her marriage, had an irresistible consciousness of inferiority.

"Pale-faced, gauche creature! she has

not a bit of *savoir faire*." The blue eyes flamed up, and then tried to comfort themselves by a long gaze in the looking-glass. The result was the exclamation—

"No wonder Paul Whitmore liked to paint my portrait!" and yet all the while an irrepressible chorus of vexation repeated every refined inflection, every simple movement, all the inborn grace and gentleness of the artist's wife. "Poor weak thing! she don't even know how to use the advantages she has," said Mrs. Downes, contemptuously. "I wonder what De Mirancourt would say to see such eyes so little under control; I don't believe she knows how she shows her feelings in them. I saw what she meant about my father,—so fine from her too. Why, there's not a shadow of excuse for the way she's cut herself off from the Rectory. Her father's quite as much of a gentleman as her husband is—more, for he lives in better style. I don't know what I was about, to let her off so easily, stuck-up, ignorant creature, reproving me in my own house!"

And then as Mrs. Downes calmed her very unwonted vexation, she looked round complacently, and told herself that it must have been a trial to Nuna to see her as she was, and that she must make allowance for her vexation. "She's not worth putting oneself out about," Patty sighed, "but it is horrid to have to go to that dirty house in such hot weather. I really *will* make him move from Bellamount Terrace."

To be continued.

ACHILLES AND LANCELOT.¹

BY HORACE M. MOULE.

IN the characters of Achilles and Lancelot centres the chief human interest of two great cycles of imaginative composition, the Homeric and the Arthurian. Few would be inclined to dispute that, taking the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* together, the figures of Achilles and of Odysseus stand out dramatically supreme. Even Hector, notwithstanding all that is great and attractive about him, cannot compete with these two protagonists : and his career is so balked by the interference of the Gods, themselves the capricious and untraceable agents of destiny, that it loses proportionately in cohesion, and therefore in interest. Agamemnon may do deeds not unbecoming the king of men ; Menelaus may shine out here and there as the special favourite of Athena, or as a worthy warrior with more valour than discretion : but no thrill of vital attraction is ever called forth by either. Diomed and Nestor, clear and lifelike as they are in all that they say and do, occupy only a secondary position in the grouping ; and Sarpedon, Patroclus, Antinous answer, each in his way, to deeply interesting and beautiful, but still to minor, figures in the mediæval romance. With Ajax the case is different. His towering bulk, and his simple, elemental nature, are capable of being tortured into agonies tragical indeed ; but not from incidents belonging to the Homeric Poems. He must first fall into the terrible epical frenzy, raving for the loss of Achilles' arms ; and when he is overtaken after the midnight of delighted but delusive violence by the ghastly dawn of sanity and of remorse—tranquil in the tent like Saul when the evil spirit had

¹ This paper was read before the Alexandra Ladies' College, in Dublin.

departed, but when an answer came no more by Urim, nor by Thummim ; as tranquil as he, and as completely despairing—his dramatic intensity is of the first order there ; but that is the work of Sophocles, and not of Homer. We come back to Achilles and Odysseus, and we shall only be following the lead of Homer himself—following, that is, the greatest genius, whoever he was, and whenever he lived, that ever bore hand in constructing an epic unity—if we are drawn to Achilles as the more powerful centre of influence. Homer was an Achilleid poet, whether a so-named Achilleid poem was the germ of the *Iliad* or not. Homer, it is true, gives Odysseus in one sense the *Odyssey* all to himself. But this is nothing to the purpose. The *Iliad* is even more predominantly the poem of Achilles than the *Odyssey* is of Odysseus ; for that is more complex with the works, and cities, and customs, and homes, and pathways of mankind at large.

To turn for a moment to the mediæval characters. The task of choosing out a leading and typical figure is here more limited and simple. If Arthur is not the most influential nature in the power of attracting our sympathy, Lancelot certainly is. King Pellinore and Sir Dinadan are but inferior personages, to some degree drawn on the model of the simpler and Homeric Ajax ; to Sir Dinadan in particular, anything like the intellectual force and brightness of Achilles or of Lancelot is very expressly denied, when we are told that the lay he made on King Mark of Cornwall was "the very worst lay that ever harper sung with harp or with any other instrument." Gawaine, Gareth, Gaheris, Agravaine, are drawn in much more distinctive outline ; and

Gawaine especially is at least as interesting as the Homeric Paris ; he resembles indeed Paris and Diomed in one. But all these kinsmen of the King taken together attain not near to Lancelot. Again, the beauty of Sir Percivale and Sir Galahad is in a very lofty strain of conception ; still they are little more than the embodiment of Christian virtue, and unsullied purity, and loveliness within a narrow and special field. Sir Bors is a rougher, simpler Patroclus, moving in the wake of Lancelot, and Sir Tristan is possibly little more than a reproduction by a somewhat later hand of the great knight of the Lake.

If Arthur, then, is not the most engrossing of the characters in this cycle of romance, Lancelot is ; and that Arthur is not so, I hold chiefly because he is brought before us less as a man, and more as the impersonation of a mission. The victory of Christianity over heathendom is a sublime and paramount cause ; but the embodiment of it is too heavily charged with the moral issues to be instinct with human life and passion. The noblest gifts of courtesy, and patience, and gentle power are lavished upon Arthur, and they redeem him from being a mere Zeus among Olympians or Agamemnon among Argives, but the presence of a moral symbolism is too strong upon him for us to feel these in their full force. You remember the Queen's complaint in Tennyson's immortal treatment of the legends about "that pure severity of perfect light ;" and Arthur's own description of kingship. He is weighed down by duty. He cannot quest the Grail ; the King "must guard that which he rules ;" he is

"but as the hind,
To whom a space of land is given to plough."

Supposing then that we have settled the point who are to be the representatives of the great fields of Hellenic and Celtic romance ; and supposing we decide to discuss their moral significance chiefly in the persons of Achilles and Lancelot, we then find ourselves face to face with a fresh difficulty. For the modern school of Comparative Mythology insists on it that these legends, in common with all myths

of the great Aryan race, have no moral significance at all, or next to none. The physical theory of mythology, as it is called, has been propounded in this country chiefly by Professor Max Müller and by Mr. Cox, his immediate and unwearied follower ; and the distinction and authority of the former, and still more the evidence produced, require that we should at least understand and clearly state the theory. According, therefore, to the physical principle of interpretation, all Aryan mythology is in origin and essence a description of natural phenomena only, of dawn and darkness, cloud and storm, and most of all of the sun's daily progress from his rising to his setting. It is maintained that, in the very ancient Aryan literature known as the Vedic hymns, the descriptions of these phenomena are found pure and simple, but in such a form as to show that they—or the thoughts and feelings which directly produced them—have been the groundwork of all subsequent mythology. It is thus held that all Aryan myths are identical in origin, and are to be found incorporated in the Vedas ; that they are in germ and essence physical, and are all adequately interpreted by reference to the material objects and forces in which they originate. To take an easy example from the Vedic quotations in Mr. Cox's book. Ushas, answering to the Greek Eos, is, in the Vedas, the goddess of the Dawn or Morning—she is more ; she is spoken of definitely and expressly as the Dawn itself. In the following phrases we find her spoken of with imagery which would well suit either Eos (Aurora) or Athena, or Artemis. "She rose up spreading far and wide, and moving towards every one she grew in brightness. The mother of the cows, the leader of the dogs, she shone, gold-coloured, lovely to behold." Again, there are passages which speak of Ushas, or of Ahana, a second impersonation of the Dawn, as pursued by the sun (Indra), who by his brightness slays though he loves her ; and it is contended that here lies the germ of the Greek legends of Daphne pursued by Apollo, and of Procris dying in the arms of Cephalus, who has unwittingly killed her with the never-erring spear. Not

only, to sum up the whole theory, do the Vedic hymns contain the elements of the Homeric poems, but the Vedic and Homeric literature together contain the "germs, and in some cases more than the germs, of almost all the stores of Teutonic, Scandinavian and Celtic 'Folklore.'" And "this common stock of material . . . has been moulded into an infinite variety of shapes by the storytellers of Greeks and Latins, of Persians and Englishmen, of the ancient and modern Hindus, of Germans and Norwegians, Icelanders, Danes, Frenchmen, and Spaniards."

Now, it must be at once admitted that this analysis carries something about it which just now is especially attractive and impressive. We have been much engaged in recent years upon researches into the origin of things, and we like to persuade ourselves, and are probably in great measure right in so doing, that the origin in each case was simple. We have speculated on the origin of human speech; and we like to think that it resolves itself into the elements of imitation and interjection; we have speculated on the origin of Life, and it is suggested that this resolves itself into the simplest elementary substance and forces. In the same way, while speculating on the great fields of Aryan mythology, some scholars like to think that it may be traced to the firmament above us, to the motions of heavenly bodies through it, and the operations of heavenly forces in it. That the cradle of mythology lies there, modern scholarship, with the aid of wide discoveries in language, has, I think, distinctly proved. But the most recent school in England would go still further, and would almost mature the legends in that skyey region. Mr. Cox goes so far as to sneer at Colonel Mure's studies on the Homeric characters; and he could not do this, did he not believe the human element in them to be comparatively trivial and unimportant. The life of an Achilles or an Odysseus is to him not only not the ideal of anything Greek, but not even of anything human or divine: it is the life of the sun. Yet consider what this theory involves. It involves reducing the main action of the

Iliad and Odyssey, which for 2,500 years have been regarded as full-charged with human elements, into a mere poetical record of the sun's transit through the sky. It involves the assumption that the thoughts and sympathies of early mankind were directed to what is material almost exclusively; and that they were so directed with such force that, ever after, the material should predominate over and determine the moral. It thus also involves the denial of all relation between Greek mythology and Greek national character; and further, it would deny us the right to institute a comparison between Greek myth and Celtic myth, on the ground that both are identical, and that both indicate—not the lives of mortal natures idealized, but—the life of the sun. These, I repeat, are serious issues, and one hesitates before adopting these extreme positions. They convert our thoughts on the wrath of Achilles, as has been truly said, to a repetition of our thoughts on the changing fortunes of an April day. Those who maintain this ground tell us that what the Aryan race has contemplated and assimilated from first to last in its mythology, with the united forces of intellect and passion and imagination, has been the repeated daily progress of the sun through the sky. Granting the prime effect which physical phenomena have had in moulding the mind of the race, I yet cannot hold that they have been so completely indifferent to things human and personal, to

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame."

We are told that the Aryan race has fixed its gaze intently, to use the words of Hamlet, on "this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament." I think that they have been musing, not less but more, on "What a piece of work is man! . . . In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!"

We may see still further reason to deviate from the ultimate conclusions of the extreme physical school. At present I will make but two remaining observations on

this subject. I would suggest first that a wise and philosophical adjustment of the physical and the human elements in myths may, in my judgment, be found in Mr. Ruskin's book about Athena, which bears the name of "The Queen of the Air." That book is not unmarked by some of the less happy features in its author's mode of thought: but I believe that it contains the truth about mythology, and the relation that myth formation has held to the human spirit. Tracing the root of myths distinctly to physical sources—to sun, sky, sea, and cloud—Mr. Ruskin does not fail to point out the speedy development of two branches of personal incarnation and moral significance; and these assuredly find their vital development and their scope of operation, not in the sunshine and the cloud-wreath, but in the soul of man. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, the legend which budded under the force of sunbeam, or storm, or planet, expands and burgeons leaf by leaf; and the forms and figures into which it passes are those of human-hearted things, framed and fashioned not now by the influence of wind and sky, but by mighty passions, strong affections, and infinite imaginations.

The other observation which I have to make before passing on, is this: that a very strong and decided belief in the physical origin of myths is consistent with the reasonableness of comparing the moral elements in two mythic cycles, like the Homeric and Arthurian. Mr. Cox goes so far as to say that the great heroes of the *Iliad* are removed, by comparative mythology, "beyond a criticism which starts with attributing to them the motives which influence mankind under any circumstances whatever." But we reply, that whether or not this proposition is true of the earliest germs of myth, as first they were evolved out of an observation of natural phenomena, it is not true of myth at any period that admits of its being reduced to writing. I would go further, and affirm that the denial of distinctive moral qualities to mythical characters cannot be reasonable when applied to epopee and romance even before the age of writing, provided that the evolution

of the subject has reached that point when it assumes, though only orally, an elaborate and consecutive form. But at all events, it will scarcely be denied by anyone not beforehand pledged to an opposite view, that to establish for the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as we have them, or for the Romances of Arthur and Lancelot, and the San Grail, as we have those also, a claim to be discussed and compared with a view to human life and motive and character, it is only necessary to say that they have been reduced to writing. By the year 450 B.C. and 1200 A.D.—when, if not earlier, we can be certain that these two great literary monuments were committed to writing, in some form or other—the human element had certainly become predominant over the material and merely physical. It must therefore have been predominant during a long previous period; for there is probably no single instance in which the reduction of a considerable poem or romance to writing has not been preceded by a long reach of time, vitalized by a very high degree of literary consciousness. In other words, I assume that neither Homer nor the bard or *trouvère* who supplied Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Walter Map, or Sir Thomas Malory, with their materials, was thinking of elements, or moons, or suns, but of human passion, human love, human hate, human life and death. I readily admit the evidence on the physical side to have been presented so cogently by Mr. Cox that, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said, one can scarcely look at the sun now without the sensations of the moth; but to abandon, for the sun's sake, all right to investigate profitably, and to compare, the moral worlds that live and move for ever in the legends, is to have the moth's wings scorched in the excessive rays, or at least the eyes bewildered.¹

¹ It was well observed in the *Edinburgh Review* (Oct. 1870), that it would be just as easy to apply the extreme physical theory to Othello as to Achilles. And a very humorous burlesque on the whole subject, written with considerable power, may be seen in *Kottabos*, a Dublin Terminal Magazine, No. V. Mr. Cox might have remembered that his method of analysis had been pushed to an ultimate point nearly fifty years ago in the *Digests* of Robert Taylor (1829). This book deduces

The way has now been nearly cleared towards getting a distinct and intelligent view of these two great idealized natures, Achilles and Lancelot. One thing yet remains, before going on to speak of them in detail, and that is, to state in brief the most probable results about the chronology of these two great mythical collections. If the "proper study of mankind is man," the interest of that study is doubled by fixing it at definite epochs. And the value of the creations left us by Homer and the Arthurian romancers would be much lessened could we not determine, with some sort of probability, the age and circumstances in which they were conceived.

To start, then, from distinct and well-ascertained fact. We know that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in their present form, date clearly and incontestably from one and a half centuries B.C.; we know, that is, that they were arranged into their present form of twenty-four books each by Aristarchus, an Alexandrian critic, about 150 years before the Christian era.

Now, to begin moving back, we know that Plato, writing more than 200 years before Aristarchus, quotes a Homer which is substantially the same as our Homer. Beyond that, Mr. Paley—the eminent Cambridge editor who has discussed the subject—thinks that we cannot go with entire certainty; and, for various reasons, he holds that our Homer was composed in the century preceding, about the same time that Herodotus was writing his history. He is in complete agreement with those who think that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are the work of one single genius, but holds them to be as recent as the fifth century B.C.

Mr. Paley would thus reduce Homer to the position of a Sir Thomas Malory, the late fifteenth-century collector of the Arthurian series. You will remember that this means placing Homer later by 400 years than he has been generally believed to have lived. There is a distinct and well-known passage in Hero-

dotus, in which he tells us that Homer lived 400 years before his time; and Herodotus was himself a fifth-century man. Yet observe, and carefully grasp the fact, that whether a Homer of the ninth century, or a Homer of the fifth, finally collected the Troical and other Greek legends into nearly our present group, as edited by Aristarchus, yet that the body of thought and feeling and emotion—the vitality and animation of the whole, in short—must date back to somewhere about the eighth or ninth centuries. Into the details of evidence on this point I need not enter. It will be enough to remind you of the time which must necessarily elapse between the first creations and the formal collection in this kind of human work (in the case of the Arthurian romances it was more than 800 years); and further to remind you of the evidence we have, that ancient poems which made the Homeric material were in existence and in public recitation several centuries earlier than the fifth, in which even Mr. Paley admits that they were collected into a whole.

I ask you, then, to conceive of the Homeric poems as the work of some one great genius, aided by the growths of time, relating to the period when the Hellenic peoples were forming into shape and first feeling their energies. Here was the young life of intellect and emotion which matured in Pindar, Phidias, and Æschylus; in Sophocles, Pericles, and Thucydides. Homer may have been collected and written down either before Marathon or after it; but you surely feel that the winners at Marathon were the natural descendants of idealized actors in an earlier and unwritten "tale of Troy divine."

Of the Arthurian romances we may say, with equal truth, that they too belong to a nation's adolescent life. I will at once proceed to detail the most probable facts about their origin. Arthur was the latest generalissimo of the Britons against their Teutonic invaders, during the immigrations of the fifth and sixth centuries. But there was then no literature,¹

¹ Nennius and Gildas make no real exception.

the origin of Christianity in common with all other forms of belief from physical sources; and zodiacal phenomena are dragged forward in explanation of the most solemn verse in the *Te Deum*.

at once to record his achievements; and just then also occurred that great peopling of the French country between the Seine and the Loire (*Armorica*, the land of the "Sea Heights," or "Upper Sea"), which occasioned the modern name of Brittany. Partly there, at a long distance from the actual scenes in the south and west, and partly in the border marches, the legends arose. Passed down from generation to generation of bards, through a real, not mystic, Merlin, and Taliessin ("shining brow"), and Llywarch Hen ("the Old"), and preserved in a more set form by the *trouvères*, or minstrels of Northern France, they reached, in the twelfth century, to Geoffrey of Monmouth.

From a Breton original which he somehow got hold of, he constructed in Latin his "History of the Britons"—an unscrupulous but a captivating and stimulating book. It tells the story of Arthur as plain historic fact; that is, the story of his strange birth, and many battles; and thus, being popular, Geoffrey fairly brought back Arthur from Brittany to England. But observe that in Geoffrey's "History of the Britons" there was no Lancelot, no Quest of the Grail, no Siege Perilous, no final and mysterious Morte d'Arthur: whence did we get these? We got them from the romancers, writing in French, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, set in motion by Geoffrey, and stimulated by all the growing culture and energy of that great epoch. The twelfth century, as a remarkable time of intellectual stir and energy, almost contests the palm with the sixteenth. Abelard was living in it. Two of the great Crusade movements were worked out within it. The chief European universities were founded in it,—Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Bologna, Toledo. The *Nibelungen Lied* was collected in it, and so were the Spanish romances of the *Cid Campeador*. Then, too, arose Turpin, that unknown name around which we hang the origin of all the Carolingian romances, the tales of Roland and of Charlemagne; and on the wave of the same intellectual high tide, summoned by Geoffrey of Monmouth's uncertain horn, there came in the Arthurian romancers. There are eight of these romances extant, and they have

been carefully arranged by Sir Frederick Madden; they are the work of four several authors. I ask your attention now to but one of these men. This was Walter Mapes, or Map, a native of the Welsh marches, and often thought to have been the man who brought Geoffrey of Monmouth his Breton MS.; wrongly, however, as he was only eleven years old when Geoffrey died in 1154. What is more to the purpose is to know that he was the trusted minister of Henry II., and the close personal companion of the powerful and far-reaching mind of Becket. This capable man, then, at once a churchman and a man of the world, composed three out of the eight romances—"Lancelot," "La Quête de San Graal," and "Morte d'Arthur." He seems to have wished to throw a spiritual halo round the popular tales of the King; and his genius was equal to the task. I cannot help hazarding the conjecture that the idea of bringing the Church into honour by the Holy Grail, and by claiming great knights for the cloister in the evening of their stormy days, was due to Becket's strong intellect and fancy. But to the genius of Walter Map, with or without that direction, we owe the creation of Lancelot, for which, I think, he deserves the best gratitude of all true lovers of literature.¹

At last, three centuries later, in 1470, Sir Thomas Malory reduced these eight romances roughly into English. Two of the later tales, by the way, contain the story of Sir Tristan, which I venture to regard as in great measure suggested by Map's Lancelot, but with a new setting. And so runs the series of production: first, the legends; then, the *trouvères*; next, Geoffrey; fourth, the Romancers; fifth, Sir Thomas Malory. The age of the Romancers, the age of Map, was the Homeric era for England and for Europe; and thus you have in epopee and in romance the period when national life was in process of formation or of regeneration. Achilles and Lancelot may, as we have seen, be fairly taken as typical figures. Let us look at Achilles and at Lancelot.

¹ Professor H. Morley has a good chapter on Map, in his *History of English Literature*, which has been carefully consulted here.

To say that between these two there lies the difference between the epic idea of human perfection in two particular races, under Hellenic Paganism and under Christianity, is true; yet a word or two of modification should be added. Achilles, indeed, if he is rescued from identity with the sun, is a figure "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," finished with the precision and self-completeness of Greek art. But Lancelot cannot be fixed down to any one period of Christian development; he is not, for example, the ideal of early Christianity—early Christianity would have found scarcely any room for his commanding presence and his courtly accomplishments. He is not the ideal of the cloister. Percivale and Galahad are men of the cloister put in armour and set upon a horse; but such is not Lancelot. His life is the ensign and parable of what mischiefs one mortal sin, however nobly conditioned, may work: his character, that one stain apart, is the ideal impersonation of what a great churchman would have had a great layman be in the twelfth century. He is the product of a mind which had touched either pole, the sacred and the secular, with entire sympathy; which had writhed under the moral throes that vibrate through us at this hour; and, just as the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries have been, in many great features, the direct successors of the twelfth, so the Lancelot of Walter Map has been in some sense the ideal precursor of a Philip Sidney and of a Herbert of Lea. Achilles is Hellenic simply; Lancelot is complex with the growth of many European centuries.

Achilles is colossal and finely strung; he is impetuous and direct; and he is pathetic. He is colossal, but not with the bulk and largeness of Ajax; it is by his effect, his mien, his voice, that his towery greatness looms upon the mind. "His opinion," as it is said in *Troilus*, "crowns the sinew and forehead of our host." To his own side you remember how his voice was "their liveliest pledge of hopes in fears and dangers;" and how, when in the rage of anguish after Patroclus' death he moved up unarmed to the enemy's line, and gave his terrible shout, not only the

Trojans were panic-struck, but his own fair-maned horses turned the ear sharp round; while

"their guides a repercussive dread
Took from the horrid radiance of his effulgent
head."

This line, just quoted, reminds me to add the remark, which is indeed Colonel Mure's, that, whenever Homer desires to give the highest effect to the impression of colossal grandeur made by Achilles in motion, he has recourse to "the higher phenomena of the heavens, or to other grand and terrible objects." On this very occasion, when he is still unarmed, his very reappearance was as if Pallas had hung his head around with a coronet of cloud, from which fiery flashes gleamed:—

"As from an island city up to heaven
The smoke ascends, which hostile forces
round
Beleaguer, and all day with cruel war
From its own state cut off: but when the
sun
Hath set, blaze frequent forth the beacon
fires;
High rise the flames, and, to the dwellers
round
Their signals flash, if haply o'er the sea
May come the needful aid: so brightly flashed
That fiery light around Achilles' head."

And again, when he is scouring the plain cityward, to challenge Hector, he moves

"Like to the autumnal star, whose brilliant
ray
Shines eminent amid the depth of night,
Whom men the dog-star of Orion call:
The brightest he, but sign to mortal men
Of evil augury and fiery heat:
So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast."

This colossal nature is, however, strung by Homer to a fine and delicate tone. Patroclus, according to the solar expositors, is little more than a parhelion; but, looking from the human point of view, not many fairer ideals of human relationship can be found than the Homeric picture of Achilles and his foster-brother Patroclus. It is, as Colonel Mure puts it, a strong personal devotion sanctioned by the ties of home. When, in the ninth book, envoys for reconciliation reach their tent, the two friends are found together; the chief himself

"His spirit soothing with a sweet toned lyre
Of curious work, by silver band adorned."

During the full force of his resentment, soon after dismissing the friendly envoys from his tent, the gentle side of his nature again appears, in concern for Machaon (the warrior-leech) carried wounded from the field. It is from this accidental sympathy, by the way, that the second grand act of the Iliad arises: Patroclus, taking advantage of his friend's mood, dons the famous Achillean armour, goes into the fray, and is killed: and then the wrath of Achilles against Agamemnon, suddenly and passionately veering, becomes the wrath of Achilles against Hector and against Troy.

While talking of the refinement noticeable in this great ideal hero, it would be an omission to say nothing of the strong intellectual and logical force that burns through his words and through himself. In this he closely resembles Hotspur, whose few speeches are so strikingly Achillean that one might almost suppose Shakespeare to have written them with Chapman in his hand. Both are of few words. "I profess not talking," Hotspur says; and Achilles,

"I who amid the Greeks no equal own
In fight, to others in debate I yield."

Read the speeches of Achilles, full of repressed vehemence, yet always clear and forcible, in the first Book; the long impassioned reply to the envoys in the ninth; the terrible logic to Lycaon in the twenty-first—

"Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far"—

and compare them with Hotspur's outburst when letters are brought to him just before the battle of Shrewsbury:

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us."

This is just the Achillean tone—so much impatience to be doing, and to be nobly doing, and yet so ready an analysis of thought. It is the same when Hotspur is mortally wounded:

"Oh Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.

They wound my thoughts worse than the sword
my flesh—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's
fool:

And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop."

His impetuosity and directness come out strikingly in many noble passages; and here broadens out a strong mark of contrast between his character and Lancelot's. Lancelot seldom or never moves beyond a "Wit ye well, Sir Knight;" he would never have blurted out, like Achilles,

"Him as the gates of hell my soul abhors
Whose outward words his inmost thoughts
conceal."

Lancelot would never "smite a felled foe;" he could never have been brought to utter himself as Achilles does to the prostrate Hector, when Hector is entreating that his corpse may not "by Grecian dogs be torn:"

"Knee me no knees, vile hound, nor prate
to me
Of parents!
Helives not, who can save thee from the dogs:
Not though with ransom ten and twenty fold
He here should stand, and yet should promise
more."

Contrast that with the last scene before Benwicke city, when Sir Lancelot smote

"such a stroke upon Sir Gawaine's helm, that Sir Gawaine sank down upon his one side in a swoon. And anon as he was awake he waved and foamed at Sir Lancelot there as he lay, and said, 'Traitor Knight, wit thee well that I am not yet slain: come thou near, and perform this battle to the uttermost.' 'I will do no more than I have done,' said Sir Lancelot: 'for when I see you on foot I will do battle with you all the while I see you stand on your feet; but for to smite a wounded man, that may not stand: God defend me from such a shame.'"

Contrast it, also, with the last scene between the rival chiefs in Chevy Chase; when

"The Persè leanyde on his brande,
And sawe the Duglas de;
He toke the dede man by the hande,
And said 'Wo ys me for thee!'"

Contrast it with Shakespeare's fine farewell of Prince Henry to the fallen Hotspur:

"Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave."

These differences arise from two completely differing hemispheres of thought. It seems idle to disconnect Achilles' savagery against Hector from his love to his friend just slain; idle to say that the Hellenic ideas of vengeance, pursuing its object as far as possible beyond the confines of this present life, are not here traceable. The worst characteristics of these ideas appeared again in some sorts of Christian excommunication; in burials outside consecrated ground; in executions without shift; exactly as noble examples of superiority to the popular level occurred in the pagan world. But the spirit of Christianity it was which made post-mortuary vengeance intolerable: "to err is human, to forgive divine," could scarcely have been written until after "the hope of immortality" had been brought out clearly into the light, and made the common property of all men.

The pathos of Achilles' character rests in the main upon the predicted brevity of his life, known to himself, and only to be cancelled by the abandonment of his great deeds and name before Troy. Colonel Mure has finely said that, whereas complaints against Atë, the mischief-worker, form often the keynote of Agamemnon's nature; and as the rising late and thoughtfully in the debate marks Diomed, so Achilles is strikingly portrayed by the four times recurring line,

"But let us, though sore pain'd, bury the past."

Let the past be past! It is the passionate reflex of the thought how short life is for what remains. Hear him once more while he answers his great horse Xanthus, of the glancing feet, when, for the first and last time endued with speech, he bows his head and prophesies, before they start, his master's early doom:

"Xanthus, why thus predict my coming fate?

It ill beseems thee! Well I know myself
That I am fated here in Troy to die,
Far from my home and parents; yet withal
I cease not, till these Trojans from the field
Before me fly.' He said, and to the front,
His war-cry shouting, urged his fiery
steeds."

We must not leave him without one glance

at the famous closing scene where "Priam and Achilles weep one shower," where the old king, prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewails his son, and he, Patroclus and his own coming death:

"The infectious softness thro' the heroes ran,
One universal solemn shower began:
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man."

Some of you will remember the Horatian summary of his supreme nature:

"If great Achilles figure on the scene,
Make him impatient, fiery, ruthless,
keen"—

and you will see that, like some others of Horace's literary judgments, this too was narrow and incomplete. It is more like the Achilles of *Troilus and Cressida* than the Achilles of Homer: the first three descriptive epithets seem little more than a repetition of the last in different aspects. And meanwhile, as we have seen, large spaces of grandeur and beauty are left untouched.

On the whole, we may point to Achilles, as the emblem of all that in the nascent Hellenic life was greatest and fairest in man. He needed no peculiar brand or weapon, no bow of Odysseus, no Joyeuse, or Durandel, or Excalibur to mark him; but moved, quick in emotion, in act resistless, and with the ethereal temper of his own immortal shield.

Walter Map and the other twelfth century romancers had probably never seen so much as the outside of a copy of Homer. Greek MSS. scarcely made much way towards these western extremities of Europe until after the Fall of Constantinople, two and a half centuries later. There was, therefore, no idea, no reminiscence of Achilles in the brain that invented Lancelot. Nor, in placing the two together, am I insinuating that there was; any more than I would go to another extreme, and assert with Mr. Cox, that Lancelot, in the Aryan imagination, is a reproduction of the Homeric Paris. All that I contend for is this: that, as in Achilles you had the most perfect fancy and embodiment of manhood in the eighth and ninth centuries before the Christian advent, so in Lancelot you have the same for the twelfth century after it. It will

not be uninteresting to contrast the clear and definite and powerful lines of the Hellenic figure with the more complex creation of the age when chivalry was forming. Lancelot is a figure so difficult sometimes to follow in the pages of Sir Thomas Malory, that I will prefix a short sketch of his legendary life.

Lancelot¹ was the son of King Ban of Benwicke, shadowy king of still more shadowy kingdom. In the legends, Benwicke lies beyond seas, as a rule; and, when returning thence from his wars with Lancelot after the final disruption of the Court, and on his way to the last great battle, Arthur lands at Dover. When first knighted at the Round Table, Lancelot is chosen, as the foremost warrior, to conduct Queen Guenevere to her marriage, from the realm of her father, Leodogrance, of Cameliard. Then began between them that bond of true falsehood and loyal disloyalty which lasted to the end, and which made the tragic strain in Lancelot's life. It was after an apparent offence against the Queen, which in the romance is distinctly set down to necromancy, that he fell into the terrific two-year fit of madness, half raving, half melancholy, that makes so important an episode. But he is heroic even in his dejection and remorse. Being partly cured at last by a first vision of the San Grail, he settles in the Joyous Ile, under the feigned name of Le Chevalier Mal Fet, and his great deeds soon bring Knights of the Round Table about him, and lead to his restoration at Court. Then follows the great Quest of the Grail (I am speaking of Malory's order of events), of which Galahad, his own young son, is the moving cause; and it is during the quest, within the Chapelle Aventureuse, that Lancelot has the second dreamy sight (mentioned in *Marmion*) of the Beatific Cup, when

"Slumbering, he saw the vision high
He might not view with waking eye."

Before the quest was over, he met and conversed long with his saintly and

¹ The remarks on Lancelot which follow have already appeared elsewhere in a somewhat different form; and they are reproduced here by permission.

knightly son, just before Sir Galahad's disappearance from the world; and being afterwards shriven, he solemnly renounced the old offence which had so long hung about his neck.

But when the remnant of knights were once again assembled at Court, when the Table had been replenished with new men, and the disturbance of the quest was wearing away, Lancelot and the Queen fell back into the old ways. At length Guenevere goes into sanctuary at Almesbury, and Lancelot retires to Benwicke beyond seas. But he does not leave the Court without offering terms which, though they would not clear his soul of mortal sin, would, according to the spirit of the times, have conferred ample satisfaction on the King. He engages to spend all his substance in founding religious houses at every ten miles between Sandwich and Carlisle, himself making the whole pilgrimage barefoot; and Papal Bulls are sent to back this elaborate proposal. But Gawaine, his mortal foe and nephew to the King, will hear of no compromise, and Arthur presently follows Lancelot to Benwicke in battle array. There Gawaine receives his mortal wound, and the forces are recalled by news that Mordred has usurped the kingdom. The charity which had existed at the last moment between Gawaine and Lancelot is shown by the appearance of his ghost to King Arthur, telling him that—if he will but stay a month—Sir Lancelot will be with succours upon his track. An accident, however, brings the two sides to an engagement; and then follows the Great Battle of the West, lately sung by the Laureate in *The Passing of Arthur*. After the battle, and when the King had been mysteriously translated to the island valley of Avalon, Lancelot betook himself to Almesbury, seeking audience of the Queen. On learning her settled devotion to a holy life, he himself was received into the cloister by "The Bishop of Canterbury" a hermit, and renounced for ever his last hope of removing Guenevere away, beyond the scene of their common sorrows, to his distant retreat of Joyous Gard. When, after several years of the silent life, he had been an admitted priest

near a twelvemonth, he was miraculously summoned to Almesbury, to remove the body of the Queen, then at the point of death, and to convey it to Glastonbury for a final resting-place. She was aware of his coming; discoursed freely of him to the nuns; and died half an hour before he arrived. She was buried with all the tender privilege and care that love and religion could bestow; he did all the observance and ceremony in person; and then, at last, the great knight's heart would no more serve to sustain his troubled and careful body.

One night the hermit-bishop awoke the whole society by a loud and unseasonable merriment. He had never, he said, been so merry and well at ease. For "here was Sir Lancelot with me, with more angels than ever I saw men on one day; and I saw the angels heave Sir Lancelot up to heaven, and the gates of heaven open to receive him." Sir Bors, his friend, and the others went to his cell; he was stark dead; he lay as he had smiled; and "the greatest dole they made that ever made men." He was entombed by them with all honour at Joyous Gard.

Such is the naked framework of the story devised in the twelfth century by Walter Map, and soon afterwards welded into more complete union with the earlier accounts of the Arthurian cycle by the French popular rhymes of Chrestien de Troyes. Tracing out the portrait from point to point, one is forced into admitting Lancelot to be one of the most splendid characters laid up in the literature of the imagination. The King reaches to a wider grasp of sovereign and large-minded design; the conception of the Cid is drawn in grand and generous proportions; but where shall we look for such another union of strength with delicacy, of profound sensibility with entire capacity, as was dreamed by the author of this mediæval story? Generosity and courtesy and forgetfulness of self are the broad basis of Lancelot's character, its pervading elements. To forbear his own advantage,

is with him, as with Arthur, a second nature. This part of him, like his complete tranquillity and self-possession, never once broken by danger or by insult, never by anything but the stress of grief and of remorse, comes of his supreme and conscious power. We have seen him generously forbearing Gawaine before Benwicke; he is described as having endured assaults during a whole day, rather than engage Gawaine at all; and against Arthur himself he never lifted hand.

His fidelity is on a par with his supreme and perfect courtesy. It is as if the romancer had partly designed to show to what heights a man may climb while some mortal sin still hovers about him. But there is never any uncertainty in the tone employed by the author in speaking of the relation of Lancelot to Guenevere. It was, indeed, a misadventure that the King should have sent his best and noblest to represent him on that early mission; the customs and manners of the Court were indeed vague and uncertain; but, all this notwithstanding, and notwithstanding the touch of perfect delicacy with which the whole episode is described, yet to the author a sin is a sin, and cannot be explained away; and, though both the actors are idealized to the highest level of dignity and grace, they are visited just as the lowest would have been, with the last degree of unflinching and unstinted penalty. So distinct was the feeling of the romancers on this point, that, in the story of Tristan and Isolt (the "*La Beale Isold*" of the Malory collection),—a story drawn from a later romance, and to my own mind, as before said, a sort of reproduction of Lancelot and Guenevere,—a malignant supernatural agency has been introduced to shift the incidents away from the responsibility of their own wills.

Yet, though there is no blinking the romancer's view of Lancelot's fault, it is wonderful to observe the labour and care which he has spent in drawing a portrait, this great fault apart, of lifelong and unwearying faithfulness.

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

"In open battle or the tilted field,"

The whole poem of Elaine, taken from three or four chapters of great beauty in Malory, is a tribute to the faithfulness of Lancelot. It might almost have those words for its motto, were it not a picture of his generosity as well. The great and tragical madness that fell upon the knight arose from his abhorrence even of the appearance of disloyalty. And when the end drew on, no sooner had the King left beleaguering him, than he was on his track, not as a foe, but craving to be brother and ally. He was never petulant, never recklessly neglectful of what even in extremes might be done for those friends; never flagging in devotion while they lived, nor after their deaths.

Of his magnetic power of attracting others to himself there is no need to speak. Some of the most striking episodes of the legend arise out of this power, which drew to Lancelot Sir Lavaine as well as his sister—the “lily maid of Astolat”—which was felt at times and seasons by knights like Tristan and Gareth, and which entirely dominated a character so different from that of his great kinsman as was Sir Bors—a figure which, if not one of the first magnitude, is among the most distinctly drawn and the most interesting in the whole romance.

Lancelot is not a “man of gramarye,” not a master of technical instruction, such as was then confined to the clergy, and would ill have beseeemed a great knight of chivalry. But he is manifestly intended to be held as a man of intellectual penetration and (though not furnished with its technical machinery and and instruments) possessing the essence and spirit of true culture. He detects the real excellence of the new comer Beaumains, when others fail in that perception, and when many of the Court held him for no better than a drudge, and by Lancelot's countenance he is at last knighted as Sir Gareth, and recognized as a nephew of the King himself. And when the damsel Maledisaunt has explained that the discredit she has thrown on a certain knight arose from no malicious intent, but through a desire to detain him from the danger of the field, Lancelot not only condones her offence, but decorates her after a

courteous rebuke with the name of Bienpensaunt. This intellectual delicacy is naturally accompanied by a keen sensibility, on which the romancer has bestowed the most striking touches. The tone of the character may indeed be resembled to the string of Odysseus' great bow in the *Odyssey*. Its strength made all other strength seem weakness, yet it responded to the slightest touch. Odysseus did but try and test it,

“And in a low tone beautifully it sang,
Voiced like a swallow.”

Thus Lancelot, the undisputed master of the tilted field, is represented as being also frequent in self-converse, and responsive, not only to the lightest word or look from the Queen, but to appeals from his own inner nature of the most subtle kind. Quite late in the romance, when the direct and settled attacks on the Queen and himself had begun, and when he had just been doing mortal combat in her defence, he comes into the Court at a moment when a wounded knight, Sir Urre, is occupying the full attention of the King. As the leeches have all failed, the King and the best knights are trying the effect of “handling the wounds” themselves, a process resembling the “royal tonching” for certain maladies in later times. Last of all, Sir Lancelot is called upon to try where everyone else has failed. He comes forward, not the man that once he was; though outwardly unchanged, yet he is inwardly aware of personal default, of failing name, of uncertainty and danger. But he touches the wounds, and one by one they are all healed. Then Arthur, and all the other kings and knights, gave loud thanks and praise, and made a sort of triumphal procession in honour of Sir Urre's recovery—but *ever Sir Lancelot wept as he had been a beaten child*. No comment should be needed on these words, which supply the key to some of the finest conceptions in this complex and magnificent nature.

Mr. Tennyson will have many claims upon posterity. And this will not be the least, that he has, from amongst a mass of ill-arranged romance, disengaged and

placed in a fair and perfect setting the portrait of this great knight, who,

"Marred as he was, seem'd yet the goodliest man,"

and whose character will have been by his means handed down and remembered as one of the most remarkable creations of mediæval fancy.

We have now taken some brief survey of the two greatest natures in epic and romantic literature. We have naturally left out some points of interest: nothing, for instance, has been said on the female characters in the two collections, nor on the very interesting question of supernatural agency, the gods of Homer, the magicians, the half-intelligent monsters, the mysterious damsels and weird hermits of the Northern romance. But we have tried to establish a right to compare morally these two greatest figures; and we have discussed the growth of the compositions in which they are found.

Perhaps, in an age like ours, and at a time like this—an age of progress and of new thought and of promoted science, a time when every heart and brain has been racked by a gigantic Continental struggle—it may seem strange to have selected a lecture-subject from the realm of the imagination at all.

Why not something of current politics—something of the interests of the hour?

I will reply by an example. In his poem called "*The Prelude*," Wordsworth tells us that, while living in London, he was often weighed down by the sense of confusion. To myriads around him,

"Living amid the same perpetual whirl
Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
To one identity, by differences
That have no law, no meaning, and no end,"

this oppression was overwhelming. For himself, he was saved by an unfailing love of nature. "The spirit of nature was upon me there." What by that means he could get of beauty and permanency, he did get. In one sense there is London everywhere. A world of transient and bewildering interest is brought ever freshly to our own doors by newspaper, magazine, periodical, and even by conversation. What external nature was to Wordsworth in London, that the noblest and most lasting creations of human fancy may be to us amidst this London of mind. Through them we may often gain, even amidst this press

"Of self-destroying, transitory things,
COMPOSURE and ENNOBLING HARMONY."

CAVE HUNTING.

BY W. BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S.

III. THE CAVES OF YORKSHIRE.

In the caves of Somerset and Denbigh we have met with the traces of two distinct European peoples, of which the very names have perished. The palæolithic dwellers in Wookey Hole are represented to our minds by the rude implements of flint and of bone, just in the same way as the cave-lion by his claws and teeth. The knowledge of fire, which Professor Draper has taken to be the great centre from which our civilization springs, was the principal difference that separated them from the surrounding animals. With that exception, they lived very much under the same conditions of life, under a climate which was sufficiently severe to allow of the sojourn of the reindeer in the south of France, and to admit of the woolly-clad mammoth ranging over Italy and Spain. Of their physique we cannot form an idea; for, excepting two or three scraps of jaws and teeth from the reindeer caves of Auvergne, no human skeleton has been obtained that can be assigned with any certainty to this epoch. It is undoubtedly true that many cases are on record of the discovery of human remains of this date in the caves of France and of Belgium, and wonderful theories have been evolved as to the sort of people to whom they belonged; but it is not too much to say that the evidence is extremely unsatisfactory. In the famous sepulchral cave of Aurignac, which is generally quoted as a palæolithic burial-place, and as a touching proof of a belief in the supernatural in those ancient days, the skeletons were interred, according to M. Lartet's own showing, in a stratum above that which furnished the lions

and the extinct mammalia; and therefore, according to the laws of geological research, must have been deposited after its accumulation. The story, so graphically told by M. Lartet, is really based on what the discoverer Bonnemaïson, a road-mender, happened to recollect of circumstances which took such little hold on his memory at the time, that in the lapse of ten years even the place had been forgotten in which the skeletons had been piously reinterred in the village cemetery. The skeletons, moreover, were seen neither by M. Lartet nor any other *savant*, and the contents of the cave had been exposed to the curiosity of the ignorant country people, and in great part removed long before any interest was taken in the discovery. Testimony of this kind is obviously of no scientific value in proving the interment to be of the same date as the palæolithic occupation of the cave. The human bones found in the cave of Cro Magnon, and at Salutr  , in France, and in the cave of Frontal, in Belgium, also occur at a higher level than that in which the fossil animals were discovered; or were found under conditions which admitted of their burial at a subsequent date. In all these cases it is almost certain that the interment took place after the animals which are found below had become extinct in those countries; and it is very probable that they all belong to the Neolithic age, in which burial in caves was a very general custom in Spain, France, Belgium, and England. In Denbighshire we have met with very fair samples of the modes of interment at that time; and we have seen how

the people who lived on their flocks and herds in that district buried their dead indifferently, in chambered tumuli as well as in caves.

In Yorkshire, on the other hand, the interest centres in a third class of caves, which, unlike the older groups, can be brought into relation with history in Britain; and they give us a glimpse of the mode of life in that county, after the Roman legions had left the inhabitants a prey to the Picts and Scots on the one hand, or to the Northumbrian Angles on the other.

Yorkshire is indeed classic ground to the cave-hunter. The long grey precipices and plateaux of limestone, which characterize the dales of the West Riding, are worn and fretted into caves of almost every size and form; some of which are traversed by water; while others, deserted by the streams, have afforded shelter to men and wild animals from the Quaternary period to the present day. The first cave that was ever scientifically explored in the county, the famous hyena's den of Kirkdale, yielded to Dr. Buckland, in 1819, the materials by which he was led to the proof that the extinct animals found in Britain had undoubtedly once lived here, and had not been carried into their resting-places by a deluge; nor, as was suggested, imported by the Romans for purposes of war or of sport. It is not too much to say that this discovery opened up a branch of investigation that has already enabled us to see further into the cloud-land which separates history from geology than we could have hoped for. The gentlemen of the West Riding have followed Dr. Buckland's example, by undertaking the exploration of the caves in their neighbourhood. A committee, with Sir James Kay Shuttleworth for its president, has been at work for the last twelve months, and have obtained results of very high archaeological importance. In this essay I intend to give an outline of their discoveries.

The Victoria Cave, near Settle, so called from its discovery on the coronation-day of our Queen, stands high up in a limestone cliff, into which it runs

in a horizontal direction. It consists of a series of large chambers and passages, which are now nearly filled to the roof with *débris*, and robbed of the massive stalactites with which they were once adorned. It furnished to its enterprising discoverer, Mr. Jackson, from time to time, a remarkable series of ornaments and implements of bronze, iron, and bone, along with pottery and broken remains of animals, which have excited considerable attention, and have been figured and described by Mr. Roach Smith. Fragments of Samian ware and other Roman pottery, coins of Trajan, Constantine, and Constantius, proved that the stratum in which they were found was accumulated after the Roman invasion. There were also bronze fibulæ, iron spear-heads, nails, and daggers, bone spoons, spindle-whorls, amber and glass beads, as well as bronze needles, pins, finger-rings, armlets, bracelets, buckles, and studs. The broken bones found along with them belong to the red-deer, roebuck, pig, horse, Celtic short-horn, sheep or goat, badger, fox, and dog. The whole collection was just of that sort which is very generally found in the neighbourhood of Roman villas and towns—such as Uriconium—which have been sacked, and was doubtless formed while the cave was used as a place of habitation. As all these things were obtained from the surface, and as the mass of *débris*, that extended to an unknown depth, was undisturbed, the committee resolved to subject the cave to a thorough examination.

Ground was broken on a small plateau outside the entrance, which occupied the point where daylight could be seen through chinks in the rocks from the inside of one of the large chambers, and which could not fail to have been chosen by the inhabitants for kindling their fires and cooking their food. On the surface there was a talus two feet thick, of angular fragments broken away from the cliff above by the action of frosts. It rested on a dark layer composed of fragments of bone, more or less burnt, burnt stones which had formed the fireplaces, very many frag-

ments of pottery, and coins of Trajan and Tetricus. Fires had been kindled on the spot, and the broken bones of the animals strewn about were the relics of feasts. A new entrance into the cave was gradually opened up, and as the work progressed the talus died away, and the black layer below rose to the surface, and was continuous with that from which Mr. Jackson had obtained his ornaments and implements. It covered the floor, passing over its inequalities, and lying underneath enormous masses of rock which had subsequently fallen from the roof. Besides spindle-whorls, beads, and curious nondescript articles of bone, it yielded bronze fibulæ of undoubtedly Roman workmanship, a portion of the ivory hilt of a Roman sword, and spiral armlets made of bronze, which possibly may not be Roman.

Some of the ornaments certainly present a style of art which is not Roman, and which is by no means of a contemptible order. Several very curious circular brooches were composed of two plates of bronze soldered together, the front being very thin, and bearing flamboyant and spiral patterns of admirable design and execution. They are unlike any Roman fibulæ in their composite make and in their style of ornament. In the latter particular they resemble a curious Celtic brooch, No. 492 in the Museum of the Irish Academy. They also recall to mind a medallion on a Runic casket of silver bronze figured by Professor Stevens as having been obtained from Northumbrian Britain, as well as a brooch, figured by the same authority, which is preserved in the Museum at Mainz, and assigned to the third or fourth century. The same ornament occurs also in the illumination of one of the Anglo-Saxon gospels at Stockholm, and in those of the gospels of St. Columba, preserved in Trinity College Library, Dublin. A bronze-gilt brooch also, representing a dragon, with its eye made of red enamel, was not of Roman workmanship, as well as a second made of coloured enamels, in red, blue, yellow, and green. On the whole, it is very likely that these brooches

are of Celtic workmanship, made in this country. The enamels, in particular, have been, with one solitary exception, all found in Yorkshire, and that exception was probably exported. Their non-Roman type is proved not merely by their absence from Gaul and Italy, but by their presence in countries where the Roman arms never penetrated. The difficulty of accounting for the same style of ornament in Scandinavia and Northern Germany may be got over by supposing that works of art were exported from Britain or Ireland, as that mentioned by Professor Stevens undoubtedly was from Northumbria. The correspondence with the Anglo-Saxon illumination at Stockholm was probably due to the Irish origin of the artist. Ireland must have contributed something to the art as well as to the literature of Scandinavia, from the sixth to the tenth centuries, because of her close connection with Denmark. There is nothing at all strange that the art of the Celts in Ireland should have had some points in common with that of the neighbouring kingdom of the Romanized Celts of Strathclyde, which in the sixth century embraced the whole of Lancashire, and a considerable portion of Yorkshire.

The broken bones of the animals belong principally to the Celtic short-horn, sheep or goat, and horse. The last animal, indeed, was very generally eaten by the Roman provincials in Britain. The bones of fowls show that the people who lived in the cave ate poultry. The roe-buck, red-deer, and grouse contributed but little to their feasts; domestic, and not wild, animals supplying the principal part of their food.

There can be no doubt but that this strange collection of objects was formed during the sojourn of a family for some length of time in the cave, and we have to account for the presence of so many articles of luxury in so strange and wild a place. The personal ornaments and the Samian ware are such as would have graced the villa of a wealthy Roman, rather than the abode of men who lived by choice in recesses in the rock. In the coins we have a key which

explains the difficulty. Some belonged to Trajan, Constans, and Constantine, others to Tetricus (A.D. 267—273), while others are barbarous imitations of Roman coins, which are assigned by numismatists to the period just about the time of the Roman evacuation of Britain. The earliest could not have been introduced long before the end of the third century, while the latest point unmistakably to the time when the historical record shows us that the province of Roman Britain was suffering from the anarchy consequent on the withdrawal of the Roman troops. In the year 360 the savage Picts and Scots, pent up in the north by the Roman walls, broke in upon the unarmed and rich provincials, and carried fire and sword as far south as London. Their ravages were repeated from time to time, until the Northumbrian Angles finally conquered the Celtic kingdom of Strathclyde. It must be admitted that so long as the Celts of Strathclyde held their ground against the Angles, they would certainly follow the mode of life and the manners and customs handed down to them by their forefathers, the Roman provincials, and use Roman coins and rude imitations of them for their currency. And therefore it is very possible that these objects of Roman culture may have been used in that district which was the Northumbrian border long after the retreat of the Roman legions. To say the least, there are two extremes between which the date of Roman-Celtic occupation must lie—the fifth century as shown by the barbaric coins, and the year 756, when Eadberht finally conquered Strathclyde. It cannot be later, because of the presence of Roman, and absence of all English, cultus. The cave, situated in a lonely spot and surrounded in those days by the gnarled and tangled growth of stunted yews, oaks, and hazel, which still survive in one or two places in the neighbourhood, as samples of the primeval forest, would afford that shelter from an invader of which a native would certainly take advantage. We can hardly doubt that

it was used by unfortunate provincials who fled from their homes, with some of their cattle and other property, and were compelled to exchange the luxuries of civilized life for a hard struggle for common necessities. In no other way can the association of works of art of a very high order with rude and rough instruments of daily use be accounted for. In that respect, therefore, the Victoria cave affords as true and vivid a picture of the troublous times of the fifth, and possibly of the sixth and seventh centuries, as the innumerable burned Roman villas and cities. In the one case you get a place of refuge to which the provincials fled, and in the other their homes, which had been ruthlessly destroyed. It may also have been occupied during some of the Pictish incursions before the English invasions.

The caves in the neighbourhood were used as places of refuge as late as the year 1745. When the army of the Pretender reached Shap, in Westmoreland, the inhabitants of Craven anticipated his march through that district, and the heir of an ancient family was hidden, along with the family plate, under the idea that the Highlanders were in the habit of eating children as well as of seizing the precious metals.

I must now pass on to the examination of the strata underneath this Romano-Celtic layer, as it may be called. At the entrance it rested on a talus of angular fragments of limestone, of precisely the same character as that on its surface, six feet in thickness, and running on the one hand into the scree at the bottom of the ravine, and on the other gradually thinning away as it entered the cave, until it disappeared altogether. It rested on a tenacious grey clay, of unknown depth, which fills the greater part of the cave. On the surface of the latter, and underneath a spot where the *débris* was six feet thick, most curious traces of the cave having been occupied by man, long before the advent of the Romans, were discovered. Three rude flint flakes, the broken jaws and bones of the brown

bear, red-deer, horse, and Celtic short-horn, as well as charcoal, a bone head, and other nondescript articles, were met with. The remains of the animals proved that the folk who then lived in the cave subsisted mainly by hunting, rather than on herds. A harpoon made of bone, and of a form hitherto unknown in Britain, indicated also that they were fishermen. It is a little more than three inches long, with a head composed of two barbs on each side opposite each other. The base presents a mode of securing attachment to the handle which has not been before discovered: instead of a mere projection to catch the ligatures, there is a well-cut barb on either side that points in a contrary direction to those which compose the head. Ample use for such an instrument would be found in Malham Tarn, as well as in the mere, now drained and turned into green fields, which are at the foot of the adjacent ravine. This group of remains, in its rude and savage facies, and in the absence of metal, contrasts strongly with that in the Romano-Celtic stratum above, and must be referred to a people in a low state of civilization. Inside the cave, where the intervening talus died away, the two layers coalesced on the surface, and became so intermingled that they could not be distinguished. The jaws and broken bones of a gigantic bear, and some of the ruder implements of stone and bone, as well as a stone Celt discovered by Mr. Jackson, probably belong to the lower horizon, which on the whole may be assigned, with tolerable certainty, to the Neolithic age.

Thus we have evidence that the Victoria cave was inhabited at two different times by people in two very different states of civilization. Nor are we without a clue to the approximate date of this older or Neolithic occupation. The *débris* fallen from the cliff on the surface of the Romano-Celtic stratum is two feet in thickness, and was accumulated since the middle of the eighth century, or in about 1,200 years; while that below is no less than six feet thick, and therefore pro-

bably took three times as long, or 1,200 years $\times 3 = 3,600$ years. In other words, the interval between the Romano-Celtic and the Neolithic occupations, if measured by the present rate of the disintegration of the cliff, cannot be less than 3,600 years, and the date of the latter will be removed back about 5,000 years from the present time. There was no trace of the sudden fall of a portion of the cliff in either talus, but each was formed of angular masses of stone of about equal size, and weathered out in the same way. The accuracy of the calculation is indeed injured by the possibility that the winter cold was more intense, and the splitting action of the frost greater in pre- than in post-Roman times. Nevertheless, the change from the arctic severity of the post-glacial winter to the climate which we now enjoy in Britain has been so gradual, that it may be assumed to have been very small in so short a time as 5,000 years. The only assumption is, that the rate of the disintegration of the cliff before the fourth century after Christ, was about the same as it has been since that time. This mode of estimating the interval does not pretend to any scientific accuracy, but is merely useful in affording us the means of forming some idea of the lapse of time out of the reach of history.

The clay which forms the basis of the plateau and fills the cave, has up to the present time yielded no traces of man or beast. The even stratification, and the lines of calcareous matter by which it is separated into layers as thin as the leaves of a book, show that it was the deposit of water more or less in a state of rest, and not hurrying violently along, as in the water-caves under Ingleborough. It must have been deposited by water flowing from the cave into the ravine, or from the ravine into the cave; both of which hypotheses imply the presence of a barrier in the ravine some sixty or seventy feet high, or up to the water level in the cave, or that the ravine itself had been subsequently excavated. The traces of ancient glaciation in the neighbourhood, the large blocks

of ice-borne Silurian rock resting on the mountain limestone, and the numerous moraines in the valley of the Ribble, show that anciently Ribblesdale was covered with glaciers. It is very probable that one of these was the barrier which is necessary for the accumulation of this singular bed of clay.

The Victoria cave was inhabited, as we have seen, first of all by a barbarous Neolithic family, and lastly, after a very considerable interval, by Roman provincials, or possibly their descendants of Strathclyde, fleeing from the arms of an invader. Other caves in the neighbourhood, such as that of Kelko near Settle, and that of Dowkerbottom near Arncliffe, in Wharfedale, explored by Mr. Jackson and Mr. Denny, have afforded similar traces of their having been inhabited by Romano-Celtic refugees. All these caves stand at a level of at least 1,200 feet above the sea, and would not have been chosen as habitations by civilized men except under the dire pressure of necessity. They afford a touching picture of the social condition of Ribblesdale, from the fifth century, possibly as late as the eighth.

The Northumbrian Angles gradually pushed back the Romano-Celtic population westward until at last King Eadberht accomplished the work, began certainly before King Ina reigned, in 547. The exact time when the Romano-Celts were finally conquered or driven away from Ribblesdale cannot be ascertained, in the absence of any record; for, during the war of more than 200 years, the tide of conquest must very frequently have ebbed and flowed over that border land. It is therefore impossible to give the precise date of the destruction of the Roman civilization, which must have been maintained more or less by the Celts of Strathclyde.

Cave-hunting in Yorkshire, however, affords sport of a very different kind to that which has been described in these essays. Caves there are of a magnitude that is only rivalled by those in Greece, and surpassed by those of Kentucky.

They are to be seen in all stages of formation, and they bring out the steadiness of nerve and activity of body which are valued so highly by the Alpine Club. In their gloomy recesses all the higher qualities of a mountaineer may be exercised, and there is sufficient danger to give a keen zest to the adventure. The mountain streams sometimes plunge into a yawning chasm, locally known as a pot, and pursue their course underground; and at others emerge from the dark portals of a cave in full force. There is, perhaps, no place in the world where the subterranean circulation of water may be studied with better advantage.

Ingleborough forms a centre from which the drainage on every side finds its way into the dales, through a system of caves more or less complicated, which has been thoroughly explored during the last thirty years by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, among whom Mr. Birkbeck and Mr. Metcalfe have been most conspicuous. We will take the tremendous chasm of Helm Pot, near Selside, on the east of Simon's Fell, in Ribblesdale, as a representative of a great class. It is a fissure, a hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, that engulfs the waters of a little stream, which are dissipated in spray long before they reach the bottom. From the top you look down on a series of ledges, green with ferns and mosses, and, about a hundred feet from the surface, an enormous fragment of rock forms a natural bridge across the chasm from one ledge to another. A little above this is the debouchement of the stream flowing through the Long Churn Cave, through which the two above-named gentlemen made the first perilous descent, in 1847. The party, consisting of ten persons, ventured into this awful chasm with no other apparatus than ropes, planks, a turntree, and a fire-escape belt. On emerging from the Long Churn Cave they stood on a ledge of rock about twelve feet wide, and which gave them free access to the bridge. This was a rock ten feet long, which rested obliquely on the ledges. Having crossed

over this, they crept behind the waterfall which descended from the top, and fixed their pulley, five being let down while the rest of the party remained behind to hoist them up again. In this way they reached the bottom of the pot, which before had never been trod by the foot of man. Thence they followed the stream downwards as far as the first great waterfall, down which Mr. Metcalfe was venturesome enough to let himself with a rope, and to push onwards until daylight failed. He was within a very little of arriving at the end of the cave into which the stream flows, for he heard the heavy fall of water at the very bottom. He was obliged, however, to turn back to the daylight without having accomplished his purpose. The whole party eventually, after considerable danger and trouble, returned safely from this most bold adventure.

The Long Churn Cave consists of a labyrinth of passages and chambers through which the water hurries down into Heln Pot. It is comparatively easy of access through a hole in the rock which is known as Diccun Pot. Inside, several deep pools and waterfalls offer considerable difficulty.

A second descent was made in 1848 from the surface, and a third in the spring of 1870, in both of which Mr. Birkbeck took the lead. The apparatus employed consisted of a windlass, supported on two baulks of timber, and a bucket, with a defence for the head, sufficiently large to hold two people, and two guiding ropes to prevent the revolution of the bucket in mid air. There was also a party of navvies to look after the mechanical contrivances, and two ladders about eight feet long to provide for contingencies at the bottom. Thirteen of us went down, including three ladies. As we descended the fissure gradually narrowed, until at the bottom it was not more than ten feet wide. The actual vertical descent was a hundred and ninety-eight feet. After running the gauntlet of the waterfall we landed in the bed of the stream, which hurried downwards over large boulders of limestone

and lost itself in the darkness of a large cave, about seventy feet high. We traced it downwards, through pools and rapids to the first waterfall, of about twenty feet. This obstacle prevented most of the party going further, for the ladders were too short to reach to the bottom. By lashing them together, however, and letting them down, we were able to reach the first round with the aid of a rope, and to cross over the deep pool at the bottom. Thence we went on downwards through smaller waterfalls and rapids, until we arrived at a descent into a chamber, where the roar of water was deafening. Down to this point the daylight glimmered feebly, but here our torches made but little impression on the darkness. One of the party volunteered to go down with a rope, and was suddenly immersed in a deep pool; the rest, profiting by his misadventure, managed to cling on to small points of rock, and eventually to reach the floor of the chamber. We stood at last on the lowest accessible points of the cave, about 300 feet from the surface. It was indeed one of the most remarkable sights that could possibly be imagined. Besides the waterfall down which we came, a powerful stream poured out of a cave too high up for the torches to penetrate the darkness, and fell into a deep pool in the middle of the floor, causing such a powerful current of air that all our torches were blown out except one. The two streams eventually united and disappeared in a small black circling pool, which completely barred further ingress. The floor of the pot and the cave was strewn with masses of limestone rounded by the action of the streams; and the water channels were smoothed and grooved and polished, in a most extraordinary way, by the silt and stones carried along by the current. Some of the layers of limestone were jet black, and others were of a light fawn-colour, and as the strata were nearly horizontal, the alternation of colours gave a very peculiar effect to the walls. Beneath each waterfall was a pool more or less deep, and here and there in the bed of the stream were holes, drilled in the

rock by stones whirled round by the force of the water. High up, out of the present reach of the water, were old channels, which had evidently been watercourses before the pot and cave had been cut down to their present level. In the sides of the pot there are two vertical grooves reaching very nearly from the top to the bottom, which are unmistakably the work of ancient waterfalls. There was no stalactite, but everywhere the water was wearing away the rock and enlarging the cave. We found our way back without any difficulty, a small passage on the right-hand side enabling us to avoid the very unpleasant task of scrambling up two of the waterfalls. We arrived finally at the top, after about five hours' work in the cave, wet to the skin.

We had very little trouble in making this descent, because of the completeness of Mr. Birkbeck's preparations; but we could fully realize what a dangerous feat the first explorers performed when they ventured into an unknown chasm, comparatively unprepared. The very name "Heln Pot," = Ællan Pot, or Mouth of Hell, testifies to the awe with which the Angles looked down into its recesses. On the Ordnance maps it is wrongly printed Alum Pot.

Such as this is the interior of one of those great natural laboratories in which water is wearing away the solid rock, either hollowing it into caves or cutting it into ravines. At the bottom of Heln Pot it was impossible not to realize that the enormous chasm had been formed by the same action as that by which it was being deepened before our very eyes. It was manifestly merely a portion of the vast cave into which it led which had been deprived of its roof, and opened out to the light of heaven. The bridge was merely a fragment of the roof which happened to fall upon the two ledges. The rounded masses of rock at the bottom are fragments that have fallen probably within comparatively modern times. The absence of stalactites and of stalagmites proves that the destructive action is rapidly going on.

There are many other pots of equal, if not greater, magnitude. The drainage on the south side of Ingleborough passes into a ravine, and then plunges headlong into an enormous bottle-shaped hole, called Gaping Gill, into which Mr. Birkbeck has unsuccessfully attempted to descend, the sharp edges of the rock cutting the rope, and very nearly causing a most frightful accident. Owing to its wide expansion at the bottom it would be impossible to be let down into it in safety without a flat rope to prevent the spinning round of the bucket. In depth it is about 400 feet, and stones thrown into it from the top take at least four seconds to reach the bottom. The water falling into it probably passes through the famous stalactite cave of Clapham, which has been carefully explored by Mr. Farrar.

On the north side of Ingleborough the series of caves and pots round Weathercote are especially worthy of attention. The chasm at Weathercote opens suddenly in the hill side, and is perfectly accessible to visitors. You come suddenly upon a cleft a hundred feet deep, with its ledges covered with mosses, ferns, and brambles; and at one end a body of water rushes from a cave and falls seventy-five feet, a mass of snow-white foam, and filling the bottom with spray. The large masses of rock piled in wild confusion at the bottom, and the dark shadows of the overhanging ledges, and the thick covering of green moss, to which the spray clings in tiny glittering drops, form a picture which cannot easily be forgotten. The stream passes from the bottom into a cave, and thence downwards to two large pots, about two hundred yards away. In flood-time the channel has been known to become blocked up, and Weathercote has been filled to the brim. Usually indeed after heavy rains the current flows so violently into the first of the pot holes, that it throws up stones at least thirty or forty feet from the bottom, with a peculiar rattling noise. From this strange phenomenon it is known as Jingle Pot, while the lower of the two is termed Hurtle Pot, because

in flood-time the water whirls so fastly round that it is "hurtled" out at the top. The stream finally makes its appearance as Dalebeck, and flows past Ingleton. These three pots are merely portions of one great cave where the roof has fallen in, and they are continued in the same line as the ravine through which the Dalebeck flows in flood-time.

These examples which I have chosen out of the caves of Yorkshire are by no means unique. In the dales there is scarcely a mass of limestone without its subterranean water system, as well as dry caves situated at a higher level. In all cases they are arranged on the line of the natural drainage, and generally open on the sides of the valleys and precipices. If you look northward from the flat crown of Ingleborough, you can see the ravines which radiate from it on the surface of the shale below, abruptly ending in pot-holes when they reach the limestone. In each case the streams reappear, issuing out of caves at the points in Chapel-le-dale, where the horizontal beds of limestone rest on the upturned edges of the Silurian rocks.

It becomes an interesting question to find out how this subterranean system was made; for in so many cases a valley passes into a ravine, and that into a cave, that the cause which has formed one must have formed all. It requires but a cursory glance to see at once that running water was the main agent. The limestone is so traversed by joints and lines of shrinkage, that the water rapidly sinks down into its mass, and collects in small streams, which owe their direction to the dip of the strata and the position of the fissures. These channels are being continually deepened and widened by the mere mechanical action of the passage of stones and silt. But this is not the only way in which the rock is gradually eroded. The limestone is composed in great part of pure carbonate of lime, which is insoluble in water. It is, however, readily dissolved in any liquid containing carbonic acid, which is an essential part of our atmosphere, and is invariably present in the rain-water, and is given off by organic

bodies. By this invisible agent the hard crystalline rock is always being attacked in some form or another. The very snails that take refuge in its cranies leave an enduring mark of their presence in a surface fretted with their acid exhalations, which very often pass current among geologists for the borings of pholades, and are the innocent cause of much speculation as to the depression of the mountain-tops beneath the sea in comparatively modern times. The carbonic acid taken up by the rain is derived in the main from the decomposing vegetable matter which generally forms the surface soil on the limestone. Its effects are to be seen in a most marked degree in the bare grey masses of rock termed "pavements," that stand out like *roches moutonnées* from the purple heather, and are worn and fissured into the strangest possible shapes. Sometimes the surface is made up of a number of sharp points that look like a sheaf of sword-blades; at others there are ravines and caves in miniature; and very generally the strata is divided into a series of large angular blocks, which rock with the greatest freedom. The minute fossil shells and fragments of crinoids standing out in bold relief testify that the agent which has removed so much rock is chemical, not mechanical. This invisible agent is equally at work in the caves as well as above ground, everywhere attacking the surface even out of the reach of the streams. The endless varieties of stalactites and stalagmites are merely so much solid matter taken by it out of the rock, and redeposited where the excess of carbonic acid in the water happens to be taken up by a free current of air. To it then, as well as to the mechanical power of the stream, the formation and enlargement of caves must be assigned.

We owe this key to the formation of caves to Professor Phillips, who acquired most of his knowledge of the subject in the Yorkshire dales.

But if caves have been thus excavated, it is obvious that ravines and valleys in limestone districts are due to the operation of the same causes. A

ravine, indeed, stands half-way between a cave and a valley ; it is merely a cave which has lost its roof, and if the ruin go on, as it inevitably must, its precipices are gradually worn away, and it becomes a valley. The close relation between the three can be explained in no other way. All that is demanded is a sufficient length of time, which the geologists have no difficulty in finding.

The gorge at Cheddar, and the channel of the Avon at Clifton, and all mountain limestone passes, if we can argue from the operation still going on, were originally subterranean watercourses, and have lost their roofs by subaërial denudation. Their magnitude very generally leads to the conclusion that they are tremendous rents in the solid rock, caused by the exertion of igneous energy. In all the cases that have come before my notice, this hypothesis can be disproved by the fact that the strata on either side are undisturbed, and the bottom composed of solid rock, instead of being a gaping fissure passing downwards. Causes operating slowly in time, practically unlimited, can produce the most stupendous results. The Kentucky Cave, to which all English examples of ravines and water-caves are as nothing, is an instance very much to the point.

There are very few things which give so vivid an idea of the cycle of change in nature as the circulation of carbonate of lime. It was gradually secreted by corals and shell-fish out of the sea-water, and as they perished their hard parts became consolidated into limestone. When the sea-bottom became dry land, it was attacked by the carbonic acid, and carried downwards by the streams and the rivers, and ultimately into the sea, again to figure in the bodies of living creatures, and probably again to form masses of limestone, like that from which it was liberated.

These are some of the directions in which cave-hunting leads us. The subject is new, and scarcely touched. There is an untold wealth of knowledge to be obtained out of caves. In them the archæologist and geologist can join hands with the historian ; and there is a very fair field for mere exercise and adventure. So far as the caves of Yorkshire are concerned, I feel convinced that we shall get most valuable light thrown on the social state of Britain after the departure of the Romans, of which at present we know very little. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.

CALLIMACHUS.

A SKETCH.

"Lo, when my master lay a-dying, I
Alone he chose should watch to see him die."

Soft, fine, and bright, as web hedge-woven at morn,
Hung round his brow his locks; his brow had borne
Much weight of thinking, and the close grave mouth
Had never curved it to the smile that groweth
Out of light-heartedness; he lay with eyes
Undimmed of age, turned full to the sunrise;
And thus he spake in slow tones thrillingly,
Scarce to himself, and scarce, methinks, to me.

Full fifty times have clinging calices
Loosened their clasp of sheltering tenderness,
And, with the rapture of the strong sun's kiss,
Life's wave has shuddered through the chrysalis,
Since I, a young man, saw my future rise
From the sun's bed, upon my eager eyes,
With slow, symmetric movements gliding on;
And in her curvèd palms I saw anon,
Or seemed to see, life, work, and crown in one.
Yet was her face hid wholly from my sight,
Veiled with a veil of chrysochromal light.
Thus to my heart my heart said, "Grace to thee
Lives on those mute lips' veiled sublimity!"
For all the land was quick with light, and warm
Uprose the symmetry of chrome and form;
And, panting with delight, I saw it pass,
The pageant of life's mystery that was.
Groups of old warriors rose from their death-mist;
Lips smiled, that funeral-fires long since had kissed;
Brows that were calmed of dreamless sleep, again
Took their old fierceness, resting limbs their strain.
Deeper the wonder yet, diviner still
Glowed the Immortals' track on slope and hill;
And where the sky stooped down the earth to meet,
The rapture of Apollo's parting feet
Mellowed the blue and scarlet hues, I wist,
Into the delicate quivering amethyst.

And all the leafage of the happy trees
Was stirred by breath of loving Dryades.
Lo, in that glory of my days I saw
A maiden standing, with a shadowy awe
Upon her face, that mocked her brow's bright wreath
With the grim heavy dusk of coming death ;
While stern-browed men stood waiting till the knife
With cold, blue lips should drink her crimson life.
Then with the heat upon me, I essayed
To paint the picture ; when aside I laid
My brush, I gazed and gazed, but none might see
In my false picture what was seen of me ;
And though the many did, with partial eyes,
Praise it as beautiful and true, more wise
To mine own condemnation, lifted I
Mine hands against my work that was a lie.
Those eyes of Zeus had burned into my brain,
And better light than joy, though light be pain ;
And Beauty, as I deem it, is in sooth
Bastard that springs not from the womb of Truth.
Years did I toil in patience : grew a face
Upon my canvas, where I sought to trace
His woe, by the strong victors' pitiless might
Crushed into silence, smitten into night !
The dead wreath fallen from his loosened hair,
The hands listless dropped in his dumb despair.
Yet, yet it would not be forced back ; it crept
About my heart, and gurgling billows swept
That hope away.

I bowed my face and wept,
As he might weep whom Time not yet may rob
Of the child-right to lift his voice and sob.
Again, more old, more sad, I paused to see
A work that was conceived and born of me.
Upon a royal bed a lady lay,
Watching with eager soul, because that day
The God who stooped to love her, should arise
In all his unveiled glory on her eyes ;
Waiting with beating heart and quivering lips
The transport of that bright Apocalypse—
" Not this the picture that thy soul did see,
So let it perish, unbeloved of thee ! "
Well, I was stronger now, perhaps because
The great white Truth had kissed my brows, it was :
And though there throbbed through every nerve and sense

The agony of conscious impotence,
I, loving Truth beyond all hope, all fame,
Gave all my pictures to the heart o' the flame,
And watched the sky. A while ago there came
A light I knew to be the morning star ;
I felt its thrills of tremulous sweetness far,
And rose with happy tears upon my cheek—
Then first I knew that I was old and weak—
Yet followed, faltering, towards the fair good light ;
And one walked with me stately, tall, and bright :
And smote upon a lyre, and keen and strong
Uprose the subtle sweetness of his song.
I think I must have swooned in my delight,
For when I knew to speak and see, the white
Folds of his amianthal robe were gone,
And I was lying on the ground alone ;
Fever and strife and weariness all ceased,
In that fixed, solemn gaze upon the East.
Ay, I am well content ; the mystery
Is open now, or my brain cleared to see ;
How from my seeming failure's bitterness
I shall, in unborn ages, reap success.
Not in myself a man of men, indeed,
But in THE MAN, one day to take his meed
As victor from the breast of Time, superb
In virile strength that needs nor spur nor curb.
O life ! O art ! I know that I am pure
From treason, having chosen to endure
Rather the most exceeding pain than show
Shadow for light ; I joy that it was so.
Hush ! the ascending sun ! mine eyeballs beat
To catch his ray ; a thousand times more sweet
To perish blind for gazing thus, I know,
Than look unharmed upon the dusks below.
—Cover my face—

And it was so—and thus
He passed away who was Callimachus.

RED TIES.

BY T. E. KEBBEL.

"A COULD never abide carnation : 'twas a colour he never liked," was poor Dame Quickly's testimony to the fancies of Sir John Falstaff. How the aversion had been contracted by the fat knight, unless it were by continual contemplation of Bardolph's nose, does not appear. But as the assertion was made by one who knew him well, we must suppose it was correct ; and if our own explanation of it is right, of which there can be little doubt, it is only another instance of that power which the symbolism of colour has been found to exercise over the human race from time immemorial. The flaming hues which made the nose of his faithful servitor so conspicuous an object in society were suggestive of uncomfortable and even alarming considerations. And the flea who had made good his footing on that interesting feature completed the association. Sir John raved. Whether Bardolph removed the insect, or the attendants removed Bardolph, we are left to conjecture. But whatever be the ultimate theory by which the criticism of the future will account for the emotions of the patient, there can be very little doubt that he had quite as good reason for indulging them as the majority of mankind have for peculiarities of a similar nature ; and the extent to which these should be recognized and deferred to by society is no uninteresting inquiry. We remember what has been said about offending the weaker brethren, and the precept, if inapplicable to Falstaff, is not equally so to Oxford undergraduates. It is, we say, a most important question to what length this doctrine shall be carried, and when a man is and when he is not bound to refrain from doing things which, per-

fectly innocent, nay salutary, in themselves, are a rock of offence to other people. Apart from the question of intoxication, has a man any moral right to drink his nose to such a pitch of redness as to make it an offensive, perhaps a terrifying, object ? We are told, in the *Spectator*, of a gentleman who resolved to discard the fashionable wig of the period, and to substitute for it a linen nightcap, the result of which was that a commission of lunacy was taken out against him : and Dr. Johnson, commenting on the story, dismissed it with the common-sense remark, "Why, sir, to be sure the nightcap was best abstractedly ; but relatively the advantage was overbalanced by his making the boys run after him." Just so : and the question is what and how much are we to give up to prevent the boys from running after us or hooting after us, as the case may be : and ought not they sometimes, as well as ourselves, to be compelled to desist from their caprices ? for there is a vast number of people in the world who remain boys in intellect to the end of their days, and are quite as ready to shout at a linen nightcap or a red tie as the London boys in Queen Anne's reign, or the Oxford boys in Queen Victoria's.

The doctrine of surrendering everything which creates scandal, or, in other words, everything which excites the irrational rage of an unreflecting majority, has been carried to such lengths of late that the tyranny of the multitude threatens to become absolute. A fashion has arisen lately of urging against certain customs, amusements, or institutions—not that they are wrong, not that they are mischievous, not that they are useless, but simply that they give offence. "Oh," it is said,

"nothing certainly can be said against them, much, on the contrary, for them, on logical grounds: but people have got into the habit of abusing them; they irritate particular classes; and for this reason, and for this reason only, they must be abolished." Now, upon this principle, it is perfectly clear that the "man in the red tie" on a recent occasion ought to have torn it from his throat the moment it provoked a roar. The red tie was as much an annoyance to the majority as Bardolph's nose was to Falstaff. It reminded them of terrible contingencies; and, indeed, the symbolism of it was much more strongly marked than it is in numerous other things which are persecuted for analogous reasons. We should have preferred, certainly, a different method of treatment. Bardolph naturally suggests Pistol; and we should have rejoiced to see the qualms of the Oxford Gallery receive the same response as the qualms of the fastidious "Ancient:" "I beseech you heartily, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this *tie*." But then this drastic treatment would have been wholly opposed to "the spirit of modern legislation,"—that, we believe, is the phrase. These are no days for party-badges, or offensive distinctions. Pistol had a perfect right to take exception to the leek in the Welshman's cap. As a representative of the majority, the large majority, of the king's subjects, he had a right to demand its removal. Was he to have his head broken and the leek thrust down his throat for this natural and laudable request? Certainly not. Fluellen, had he committed the same assault in modern London, would have been informed by some worthy magistrate that he had no right to carry anything about him calculated to provoke a breach of the peace; and would probably have been sent to jail without the alternative of a fine; while a flaming leader would have appeared in the *Times* next morning, showing that the conduct of this officer was an additional reason for insisting on the abolition of Purchase.

This excessive tenderness for sensitive organizations is, as we have said, a feature of the present day. Let us illustrate our meaning a little further: a great deal has been written and spoken recently on the subject of pigeon-shooting. We are not certainly among those who admire this amusement as conducted at Hurlingham and Shepherd's Bush; but still less do we admire the reasons for discontinuing it which are so frequently addressed to its devotees. To those who think it cruel, ignoble, or demoralizing, we have nothing to say. Those who see in it a mere piece of aristocratic wantonness, may perhaps be mistaken; but at least they suppose themselves to be in possession of a valid objection to it. But there are numbers of people who think it neither; who believe both forms of accusation to be equally groundless; and who see in it no greater waste of time or symptom of effeminacy than a thousand other things which are tolerated without a murmur. But people have got to talk about it. They have got to see in it some special symbol of aristocratic luxury and degeneracy, which they do not see in other things. This is quite illogical and quite absurd, say the critics in question, but the gallery must be listened to. The *Times* and the gallery—

"Dii nos terrent et Jupiter hostis."

And therefore it had better be abandoned. How does it lie in the mouth of such reasoners as these to object to the Oxford undergraduates? Take, again, something more serious; take property. A certain number of people choose to say, We object to the accumulation of land; it jars upon us. We don't want any of it ourselves; we are rich enough without it. But large landowners are disagreeable to us. We ought not to be required to give a reason; it is a purely sentimental grievance. But we should feel more comfortable without them; and, being the majority, we have a right to hoot them out of the kingdom. Now, to those who object to large estates on practical grounds, because they are bad economically or

because they are bad socially, again we have nothing to say. But, No, say the class of critics we have in view : so far from being injurious, the system of large estates can be shown to be highly beneficial ; all experience and all logic is in favour of them ; but what can you do ? People are beginning to talk against them. Nothing can stand in these days against which people talk ; large estates are fast becoming red ties ; and therefore they ought to be abolished.

There is no exaggeration in the above. People are to be met with more and more often every day who will declare in one breath that this or that institution has every virtue under heaven, and in the next that it cannot be maintained because people who, it is confessed, know nothing at all about it have been taught to declaim against it. But let the thing be good or bad intrinsically, our argument is the same. We would rather, for the sake of the national character, see the most degrading pastime or most vicious land tenure perpetuated, than surrendered to such cowardly considerations as these.

Again, we have been told by a great authority on the subject, no less a one, indeed, than the late Mr. Thackeray, that there are people in the world who don't like gentlemen : not for Jack Cade's reason : not for the revolutionary reason : not because they are monopolists or tyrants or libertines ; but for reasons which we must call purely subjective ones, which the objects of their dislike would themselves be unable to comprehend. The feeling is to some extent reciprocal : for, as Mr. Thackeray says, the man who is not a gentleman gives offence to the man who is by little things, of which the former is in his turn totally unconscious. But there is a great difference in the intensity of the feelings so created. In the one case it is usually good taste only which suffers ; in the other it is personal dignity. The one offence disgusts like an unpleasant smell or disagreeable flavour ; the other excites hatred. But, whatever the annoyance sometimes given by underbred people, nobody has as yet proposed

to abolish them. Gentlemen, on the other hand, are very far from enjoying the same enviable security. The class of people whom, according to Mr. Thackeray, they offend without knowing it, and whose feeling towards them is not disgust, but hatred, is daily on the increase. And it is easy to see what may happen in time. Oh ! people will say, we like gentlemen ; they have done the State some service ; there is a good deal in what people urge about their talents for government, and the greatness of England when they governed her. In society they are very nice, and their standard of refinement is a high one. But what are you to do ? They give offence to certain classes. No doubt it may seem hard that a man should not be allowed to be a gentleman, if he likes. But this argument has always been urged against all popular changes. It was thought very hard that a man was not allowed to wear a red tie if he liked, but he had to take it off. It was thought very hard that he was not allowed to vote openly if he liked, but he had to vote in secret. Red ties and open voting gave offence to certain classes. There was no help for it. Gentlemen can expect no exemption from this now acknowledged law ; they must be abolished. If we are asked how, we reply, in memorable words, Wait till we are called in. But the thing could be done. It is painful to reflect on the possible extinction of the species. But the vulgar have got their "vril staff,"¹ and we cannot thwart them without the risk of being reduced to ashes.

What may be called religious red ties bring out this particular species of peace-makers in great force. Anything for a quiet life. Give it up : the thing is indifferent in itself : people may be fools to be offended at it, but you would be a greater fool not to humour their folly, and secure your own comfort. This is their well-known talk. There is something in the tone of mind which prompts such an argument as this, in our eyes, little less than detestable.

¹ Vide "The Coming Race."

The point in dispute may be a matter of indifference, no doubt; though we ought to recollect this, that such points very seldom are; and vestments and ceremonies certainly are not. But the independence, originality, idiosyncrasy of each individual is not a matter of indifference; and inability to perceive and appreciate this quality is usually found among that order of minds of which Mr. Dickens has placed the keynote in the mouth of Mr. Peter Magnus. Wherever these are herded together, and uncontrolled by any higher influences, this spirit of petty intolerance is sure to break out. In country towns it is usually very prevalent, where anything which transgresses the established customs, habits, or opinions of the dominant society is regarded with suspicion and contempt. It is very prevalent indeed in schools, where a new boy with any sort of peculiarity about him in dress, manner, speech, or character, is hunted to death. "Look at our French cousin be nat off a the first burst," says Dickon Osbaldestone to Will, when Frank makes his first appearance in the hunting field. "Like enow," is the response; "he's got a queer outlandish binding on's castor." Here is the spirit of red-tie-ism in full luxuriance; and it comes from the lips of one who was only an overgrown schoolboy. But even among men of sense and in good society there is a great deal too much of it; and in clubs and coteries individuals are often blamed or ridiculed for conduct in which there is nothing to provoke animadversion except its being different from that of other people.

It is possible, indeed, that the ebullition of red-tie-ism which took place in the Oxford Theatre may have been treated too seriously. We don't mean the uproar—that was disgraceful; but the immediate cause of it. Commemoration is the academic carnival, and the undergraduates have always been accustomed to single out individuals for attack who presented anything conspicuous or unusual in their personal appearance. It may be that they would entirely disclaim having

been actuated by any such spirit as forms the subject of this article; and that it was time and place only which the gentleman in the red tie had to thank for his reception. Let this plea for the undergraduates be taken for what it is worth. But what *they* did in fun, if it was fun, is an excellent illustration of what many other people do in earnest; while the conduct of the obnoxious person in refusing to bend before the storm was what only too few have the moral courage to imitate. The older the world grows, the more does a tendency become visible to think that nothing which is attacked is defensible—or at least worth the trouble of defending. A red tie offends one mob; take it off. A pigeon match offends another: shut up the traps. A surplice offends a third: on with your Geneva. Property is disgusting to a fourth: chop it to mincemeat. A church is hateful to a fifth: down with it to the dust. A lord hurts the feelings of a sixth: throw him to the wolves. Now mind, we are not here blaming people for not liking any one of these things. Pigeon-shooting, ritualism, property, established churches, hereditary legislators, gentlemanly manners, are all of them, no doubt, characteristics of an imperfect state of existence. What we complain of is that people who like them all are ready to concede them all sooner than resist a row. And these are they who blame the man in the red tie for not going out of the theatre as soon as the mob attacked him. As a mere matter of private opinion, the writer of this article detests the principles of which the red tie is emblematic, quite as strongly, at least, as any one can detest pigeon-shooting. But to surrender either of them to mere sibilation is worse than the worst evil which men attribute to either of them. If it is cowardly to shoot pigeons, it is more cowardly not to shoot them for fear only of popular abuse. If Communism means chaos, those who preach submission to the strongest lungs are not very likely to be useful in preserving order.

It ought not to be necessary to caution the readers of this article against seeing in the foregoing remarks anything inconsistent with the fullest recognition of the authority of public opinion. But for fear they should be so misconstrued, we hasten to say that the claims to our consideration possessed by minorities and individuals are of very various degrees. We may not be able to draw the exact line at which mere rebels or rioters pass into the more respectable phase of belligerents. But we know it to exist. And so, of course, there are numerous instances where the opposition of the majority is opposition to follies which the common sense of mankind has finally condemned : the lingering remnants of exploded superstition, or the nonsensical crotchets of silly individuals. Society may stamp out these by any means which it likes short of physical force, and may, without impropriety, decline further debate about them. Clamour then becomes for once a legitimate weapon, like the cries of "divide" in the House of Commons when a condemned bore insists on talking after the debate has been exhausted. But there are practices, institutions, habits in the world to which, however much we ourselves may disapprove of them, we are bound, we say, to accord belligerent rights; that is to say, to require them to be beaten on their merits before we finally enrol them in that class of evils which to name only is to damn. As long as they can keep the field, hold their own with any respectable proportion of the respectable classes, and show a decent probability of making a fair fight for their existence, so long is any deference to mere ignorant abuse of them both erroneous and ignominious.

It has recently been stated by a nobleman, whose powerful intellect and independent character are recognized by men of all parties and opinions, that nothing can be defended in Parliament which cannot be defended on the hustings. There is cruel common-sense in this remark, we are afraid. Yet the particular instance then under considera-

tion is not, we think, the best possible illustration of its truth. We are not going to enter upon a discussion of the Purchase system. It is a complicated question, and requires a knowledge of details to be adequately handled. But for this very reason no intelligent discussion of it would be possible on the hustings. The audience who were to be its judges would absolutely know nothing of its practical operation. Of most other subjects likely to come before them they know something. On electoral systems, on Church establishments, on public education, they have some opinions, founded on some sort of knowledge ; but on the Purchase system none at all. It is to them the merest red-tie ; a crucial specimen indeed of that inflammatory commodity. The populace is under the impression that the Purchase system is, in one way or another, an aristocratic job, and for *this* reason it cannot be defended on the hustings. Now, granting everything else that is said against the Purchase system, an aristocratic job it is not. And it comes therefore to this, that a controversy which might, possibly, be still sustained by experience and reason, must be closed at once when it clashes with ignorance and prejudice. Of course this is not exactly what Lord Derby meant ; because he himself thinks the system obnoxious both to popular passions and educated opinion too. But one could hardly be blamed for drawing from his speech this inference, that even by those who did not think this their colours should nevertheless be lowered on the grounds aforesaid.

If we are told that this is all very well, but that it's no use kicking against facts ; that passion and prejudice will rule the world to the end, as they have done from the beginning, and that sympathies and antipathies laugh at premises and conclusions, we fold our arms tranquilly and say, Very good : only remember this, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander too ; and that on any other conditions you let in this doctrine, that might is right, and reduce the whole world under the absolute dominion of brute force.

MADRIGAL.

I.

O Dove, that dost bewail thy love
 As I do mine,
 Would that my woe could find the facile flow
 Thou hast for thine!

II.

In every wood I hear thy voice
 In loud lament,
 While I am fain to send the sounds of pain
 To banishment.

III.

Yet I divine thy heart and mine
 Know the same grief,
 But thine has utterance, while silent tears
 Are my relief.

IV.

Let us divide our burdens, then,—
 Mourn thou for me,
 And I, who am too proud to moan aloud,
 Will weep for thee!

Alice Horton.

EDWARD DENISON.—IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

THERE are few stiller things than the stillness of a summer's noon in a broken woodland, with the deer asleep in the bracken, and the twitter of birds silent in the coppice, and hardly a leaf astir in the huge beeches that fling their cool shade over the grass. Afar off a gilded vane flares out above the grey Jacobean gables of the hall, the chime of a village clock falls faintly on the ear, but there is no voice or footfall of living thing to break the silence as I turn over leaf after leaf of the little book I have brought with me, the record of a broken life, of a life "broken off," as he who lived it says of another, "with a ragged edge."

It is a book that carries one far from the woodland stillness around, into the din and turmoil of cities and men, into the misery and degradation of "the East-end,"—that "London without London," as some one called it the other day; those mysterious Tower Hamlets that haunt the imagination of Mr. Ayrton's admirers. Few regions are more unknown; not even Mrs. Riddell has ventured as yet to cross the border which parts the City from this weltering mass of busy life, this million of hard workers packed together in endless rows of monotonous streets, broken only by ship-yard, or factory, or huge breweries, that stretch away eastward from Aldgate to the Essex marshes. And yet, setting aside the poetry of life which is everywhere, there is poetry enough in East London; poetry in the great river which washes it on the south, in the fretted tangle of cordage and mast that peeps over the roofs of Shadwell, or in the great hulls moored along the wharves of Wapping; poetry in the "Forest" that fringes it

to the east, in the few glades that remain of Epping and Hainault,—glades ringing with the shouts of school-children out for their holiday, and half mad with delight at the sight of a flower or a butterfly: poetry of the present in the work and toil of these acres of dull bricks and mortar, where everybody, man, woman, and child, is a worker, this England without a "leisure class;" in the thud of the steam-engine, and the white trail of steam from the tall sugar refinery; in the bleary eyes of the Spitalfields weaver, or the hungering faces of the group of labourers clustered from morning till night round the gates of the docks, and watching for the wind that brings the ships up the river: poetry in its past, in strange old-fashioned squares, in quaint gabled houses, in grey village churches, that have been caught and overlapped and lost, as it were, in the great human advance that has carried London forward from Whitechapel, its limit in the age of the Georges, to Stratford, its border in that of Victoria.

Stepney is a belated village of this sort; its grey old church of St. Dunstan, buried as it is now in the very heart of East-London, stood hardly a century ago among the fields. All round it lie tracts of human life without a past; but memories cluster thickly round "Old Stepney," as the people call it with a certain fond reverence: memories of men like Erasmus and Colet, and the group of scholars in whom the Reformation began. It was to the country house of the Dean of St. Paul's, hard by the grey church, that Erasmus betook him when tired of the smoke and din of town. "I come to drink your fresh air, my Colet," he

writes, "to drink yet deeper of your rural peace." The fields and hedges through which Erasmus loved to ride remained within living memory; only forty years ago a Londoner took his Sunday outing along the field path which led past the London Hospital to the suburban village church of Stepney. But the fields through which the path led have their own church now, with its parish of dull straight streets of monotonous houses already marked with premature decay, and here and there alleys crowded with poverty and disease and crime. There is nothing marked about the district; its character and that of its people are of the commonest East-end type. If we ask our readers to follow us to St. Philip's, it is simply because these dull streets and alleys were chosen by a brave and earnest man as the scene of his work among the poor. It was here that Edward Denison settled in the autumn of 1867, in the second year of the great "East London Distress." In the October of 1869 he left England on the fatal voyage from which he was never to return. The collection of his letters which has been recently printed by Sir Baldwyn Leighton, has already attracted so much attention to the work which lay within the narrow bounds of those two years, that I may perhaps be pardoned for recalling my own memories of one whom it is hard to forget.

A few words are enough to tell the tale of his earlier years. Born in 1840, the son of a bishop, and nephew of the present Speaker of the House of Commons, Edward Denison passed from Eton to Christchurch (where the affection of his Oxford friends has commemorated itself, we believe, in a stained glass window in the cathedral), and was forced, after quitting the University, to spend some time in foreign travel by the delicacy of his health. His letters give an interesting picture of his mind during this pause in an active life, a pause which must have been especially distasteful to one whose whole bent lay from the first in the direction of practical energy. "I believe," he says, in his later days,

"that abstract political speculation is my *métier*;" but few minds were, in reality, less inclined to abstract speculation. From the very first one sees in him what one may venture to call the best kind of "Whig" mind, that peculiar temper of fairness and moderation which declines to push conclusions to extremes, and recoils instinctively when opinion is extended beyond its proper limit. His comment on Newman's "Apologia" marks his real intellectual temper with remarkable precision. "I left off reading Newman's 'Apologia' before I got to the end, tired of the ceaseless changes of the writer's mind, and vexed with his morbid scruples—perhaps, too, having got a little out of harmony myself with the feelings of the author, whereas I began by being in harmony with them. I don't quite know whether to esteem it a blessing or a curse; but whenever an opinion to which I am a recent convert, or which I do not hold with the entire force of my intellect, is forced too strongly on me, or driven home to its logical conclusion, or over-praised, or extended beyond its proper limits, I recoil instinctively, and begin to gravitate towards the other extreme, sure to be in turn repelled by it also." I dwell on this temper of his mind because it is this practical and moderate character of the man which gives such weight to the very sweeping conclusions on social subjects to which he was driven in his later days. A judgment which condemns the whole system of Poor Laws, for instance, falls with very different weight from the mere speculative theorist, and from a practical observer, whose mind is constitutionally averse from extreme conclusions.

Throughout, however, we see this intellectual moderation jostling with a moral fervour which feels restlessly about for a fitting sphere of action. "Real life," he writes from Madeira, "is not dinner-parties and small talk, nor even croquet and dancing." There is a touch of exaggeration in phrases like these which need not blind us to the depth and reality of the feeling which

they imperfectly express, a feeling which prompted the question which embodies the spirit of all these earlier letters,—the question, "What is my work?" The answer to this question was found both within and without the questioner. Those who were young in the weary days of Palmerstonian rule, will remember the disgust at purely political life which was produced by the bureaucratic inaction of the time, and we can hardly wonder that, like most of the finer minds among his contemporaries, Edward Denison turned from the political field which was naturally open to him to that of social effort. "The problems of the hour," he says, "are social." His tendency in this direction was aided, no doubt, partly by the intensity of his religious feeling, and of the consciousness of the duty he owed to the poor, and partly by that closer sympathy with the physical suffering around us, which is one of the most encouraging characteristics of the day. In the midst of his outburst of delight at a hard frost, "I like," he says, "the bright sunshine that generally accompanies it, the silver landscape, and the ringing distinctness of sounds in the frozen air." He is haunted by a sense of the way in which his pleasure contrasts with the winter misery of the poor. "I would rather give up all the pleasures of the frost than indulge them, poisoned as they are by the misery of so many of our brothers. What a monstrous thing it is that in the richest country in the world large masses of the population should be condemned annually to starvation and death!" It is easy to utter protests like these in the spirit of a mere sentimentalist; it is less easy to carry them out into practical effort, as Edward Denison resolved to do. After an unsatisfactory attempt to act as Almoner for the Society for the Relief of Distress, he resolved to fix himself personally in the East-end, and study the great problem of pauperism face to face. "There are hardly any residents in the East rich enough to give much money, or with enough leisure to give much time," he says. "This is the evil. Even the

best disposed in the West don't like coming so far off, and, indeed, few have the time to spare, and when they do there is great waste of time and energy on the journey. My plan is the only really practicable one, and as I have both means, time, and inclination, I should be a thief and a murderer if I withheld what I so evidently owe." In the autumn of 1867 he carried out his resolve, and took lodgings in Philpot Street, in the heart of the parish which we sketched in the opening of this paper. If any romantic dreams had mixed with his resolution, they at once faded away before the dull, commonplace reality. "I saw nothing very striking at Stepney," is his first comment on the sphere he had chosen, but he was soon satisfied with his choice. He took up in a quiet, practical way the work he found closest at hand. "All is yet in embryo, but it will grow. Just now I only teach in a night school, and do what in me lies in looking after the sick, keeping an eye upon nuisances and the like, seeing that the local authorities keep up to their work. I go to-morrow before the Board at the workhouse to compel the removal to the infirmary of a man who ought to have been there already. I shall drive the sanitary inspector to put the Act against overcrowding in force." Homely work of this sort grows on him; we see him in these letters getting boys out to sea, keeping school with little urchins,—"demons of misrule," to try his temper,—gathering round him a class of working men, organizing an evening club for boys. All this, too, quietly and unostentatiously, and with as little resort to "cheap charity," as he used to call it, to the "doles of bread and meat which only do the work of poor-rates," as possible.

So quiet and simple, indeed, was his work, that though it went on in my own parish it was some little time before I came to know personally the doer of it. It is amusing even now to recollect my first interview with Edward Denison. A vicar's Monday morning is never the pleasantest of awakenings.

but the Monday morning of an East-end vicar brings worries that far eclipse the mere headache and dyspepsia of his rural brother. It is the "parish morning." All the complicated machinery of a great ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational organization has got to be wound up afresh, and set going again for another week. The superintendent of the Women's Mission is waiting with a bundle of accounts, complicated as only ladies' accounts can be. The churchwarden is waiting with a face full of gloom to consult on the falling off in the offertory. The Scripture-reader has brought his "visiting book" to be inspected, and a special report on the character of a doubtful family in the parish. The organist drops in to report something wrong in the pedals. There is a letter to be written to the inspector of nuisances, directing his attention to certain odoriferous drains in Pig-and-Whistle Alley. The nurse brings her sick-list, and her little bill for the sick-kitchen. The schoolmaster wants a fresh pupil-teacher, and discusses nervously the prospects of his scholars in the coming inspection. There is the interest on the penny bank to be calculated, a squabble in the choir to be adjusted, a district visitor to be replaced, reports to be drawn up for the Bishop's Fund and a great charitable society, the curate's sick-list to be inspected, a preacher to be found for the next festival. It was in the midst of a host of worries such as these that a card was laid on my table with a name which I recognized as that of a young layman from the West-end, who had for two or three months past been working in the mission district attached to my parish. Now, whatever shame is implied in the confession, I had a certain horror of "laymen from the West-end." Lay co-operation is an excellent thing in itself, and one of my best assistants was a letter-sorter in the post-office close by; but the "layman from the West-end," with a bishop's letter of recommendation in his pocket, and a head full of theories about "heathen masses," was an unmitigated

nuisance. I had a pretty large experience of these gentlemen, and my one wish in life was to have no more. Some had a firm belief in their own eloquence, and were zealous for a big room and a big congregation. I got them the big room, but I was obliged to leave the big congregation to their own exertions, and in a month or two their voices faded away. Then there was the charitable layman, who pounced down on the parish from time to time, and threw about meat and blankets till half of the poor were demoralized. Or there was the statistical layman, who went about with a note-book, and did spiritual and economical sums in the way of dividing the number of "people in the free seats" by the number of bread tickets annually distributed. There was the layman with a passion for homœopathy, the ritualistic layman, the layman with a mania for preaching down trades' unions, the layman with an educational mania. All, however, agreed in one point, much as they differed in others, and the one point was that of a perfect belief in their individual nostrums, and a perfect contempt for all that was already doing in the parish.

It was with no peculiar pleasure, therefore, that I rose to receive this fresh "layman from the West;" but a single glance was enough to show me that my visitor was a man of very different stamp from his predecessor. There was something in the tall, manly figure, the bright smile, the frank winning address of Edward Denison that inspired confidence in a moment. "I come to learn, and not to teach," he laughed, as I hinted at "theories" and their danger; and our talk soon fell on a certain "John's Place," where he thought there was a great deal to be learnt. In five minutes more we stood in the spot which interested him, an alley running between two mean streets, and narrowing at one end till we crept out of it as if through the neck of a bottle. It was by no means the choicest part of my parish: the drainage was imperfect, the houses miserable;

but wretched as it was, it was a favourite haunt of the poor, and it swarmed with inhabitants of very various degrees of respectability. Costermongers abounded, strings of barrows were drawn up on the pavement, and the refuse of their stock lay rotting in the gutter. Drunken sailors and Lascars from the docks rolled along shouting to its houses of ill-fame. There was little crime, though one of the "ladies" of the alley was a well-known receiver of stolen goods, but there was a good deal of drunkenness and vice. Now and then a wife came plumping on to the pavement from a window overhead; sometimes a couple of viragoes fought out their quarrel "on the stones;" boys idled about in the sunshine, in training to be pickpockets; miserable girls flaunted in dirty ribbons at nightfall at half-a-dozen doors. But with all this, the place was popular with even respectable working people, in consequence of the small size and cheapness of the houses—for there is nothing the poor like so much as a house to themselves; and the bulk of its population consisted of casual labourers, who gathered every morning round the great gates of the docks, waiting to be "called in" as the ships came up to unload. The place was naturally unhealthy, constantly haunted by fever, and had furnished some hundred cases in the last visitation of cholera. The work we had done among them in the "cholera time" had never been forgotten by the people, and, ill-famed as the place was, I visited it at all times of the day and night with perfect security. The apostle, however, of John's Place was my friend the letter-sorter. He had fixed on it as his special domain, and, with the aid of the clergy, had opened a Sunday-school and little Sunday services in the heart of it. I established a branch of the Women's Mission in the same spot, and soon women were "putting by" their pence, and sewing quickly round the lady superintendent as she read to them the simple stories of the Gospels.

It was this John's Place which Ed-

ward Denison chose as the centre of his operations. There was very little in his manner to show his sense of the sacrifice he was making, though the sacrifice was in reality a great one. No one enjoyed more keenly the pleasures of life and society; he was a good oarsman, he delighted in outdoor exercise, skating was to him "a pleasure only rivalled in my affection by a ride across country on a good horse." But month after month these pleasures were quietly put aside for his work in the East-end. "I have come to this," he says, laughingly, "that a walk along Piccadilly is a most exhilarating and delightful treat. I don't enjoy it above once in ten days, but therefore with double zest." What told on him most was the physical depression induced by the very look of these vast, monotonous masses of sheer poverty. "My wits are getting blunted," he says, "by the monotony and ugliness of this place. I can almost imagine, difficult as it is, the awful effect upon a human mind of never seeing anything but the meanest and vilest of men and men's works, and of complete exclusion from the sight of God and His works,—a position in which the villager never is." But there were worse things than physical degradation. "This summer there is not so very much actual suffering for want of food, nor from sickness. What is so bad is the habitual condition of this mass of humanity—its uniform mean level, the absence of anything more civilizing than a grinding organ to raise the ideas beyond the daily bread and beer, the utter want of education, the complete indifference to religion, with the fruits of all this—improvidence, dirt, and their secondaries, crime and disease." Terrible as these evils were, he believed they could be met, and the quiet good sense of his character was shown in the way in which he met them. His own residence in the East-end was the most effective of protests against that terrible severance of class from class in which so many of its evils take their rise. When speaking of the overcrowding and the official ill-treatment of the poor, he says truly: "These are the

sort of evils which, where there are no resident gentry, grow to a height almost incredible, and on which the remedial influence of the mere presence of a gentleman known to be on the alert is inestimable." But nothing, as I often had occasion to remark, could be more judicious than his interference on behalf of the poor, or more unlike the fussy impertinence of the philanthropists who think themselves born "to expose" Boards of Guardians. His aim throughout was to co-operate with them in giving, not less, but greater effect to the Poor Laws, and in resisting the sensational writing and reckless abuse which are fast undoing their work. "The gigantic subscription lists which are regarded as signs of our benevolence," he says truly, "are monuments of our indifference." The one hope for the poor, he believed, lay not in charity, but in themselves. "Build school-houses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen's clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains; but give them no money, except what you sink in such undertakings as above." I have no space here to describe or discuss the more detailed suggestions with which he faced the great questions of poverty and pauperism in the East-end; they are briefly summarized in a remarkable letter which he addressed in 1869 to an East-end newspaper:—"First, we must so discipline and regulate our charities as to cut off the resources of the habitual mendicant. Secondly, all who by begging proclaim themselves destitute, must be taken at their word. They must be taken up and kept at penal work—not for one morning, as now, but for a month or two; a proportion of their earnings being handed over to them on dismissal, as capital on which to begin a life of honest industry. Thirdly, we must promote the circulation of labour, and obviate morbid congestions of the great industrial centres. Fourthly, we must improve the condition of the agricultural poor."

Stern as such a project may seem, there are few who have really thought as well as worked for the poor without

feeling that sternness of this sort is, in the highest sense, mercy. Ten years in the East of London had brought me to the same conclusions; and my Utopia, like Edward Denison's, lay wholly in a future to be worked out by the growing intelligence and thrift of the labouring classes themselves. But stern as were his theories, there is hardly a poor home within his district that has not some memory left of the love and tenderness of his personal charity. I hardly like to tell how often I have seen the face of the sick and dying brighten as he drew near, or how the little children, as they flocked out of school, would run to him, shouting his name for very glea. For the Sunday-school was soon transformed, by his efforts, into a day-school for children, whose parents were really unable to pay school-fees, and a large school-room, erected near John's Place, was filled with dirty little scholars. Here, too, he gathered round him a class of working men, to whom he lectured on the Bible every Wednesday evening, and delivered addresses to the dock-labourers whom he had induced to attend, of a nature somewhat startling to those who talk of "preaching down to the intelligence of the poor." I give the sketch of one of these sermons (on "not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together") in his own words:—"I presented Christianity as a society; investigated the origin of societies, the family, the tribe, the nation, with the attendant expanded ideas of rights and duties; the common weal, the bond of union; rising from the family dinner-table to the sacrificial rites of the national Gods; drew parallels with trades' unions and benefit clubs, and told them flatly they would not be Christians till they were communicants." No doubt this will seem extravagant enough, even without the quotations from "Wordsworth, Tennyson, and even Pope," with which his sermons were enlivened; but I must confess that my own experience among the poor agrees pretty much with Edward Denison's, and that I believe "high thinking" put into plain English to be more likely to tell on a dock-

labourer than all the "simple Gospel sermons" in the world.

His real power, however, for good among the poor, lay not so much in what he did as in what he was. It is in no spirit of class self-sufficiency that he dwells again and again throughout these letters on the advantages to such a neighbourhood of the presence of a "gentleman" in the midst of it. He lost little, in the end he gained much, by the resolute stand he made against the indiscriminate almsgiving which has done so much to create and encourage pauperism in the East of London. The poor soon came to understand the man who was as liberal with his sympathy as he was chary of meat and coal tickets, who only aimed at being their friend, at listening to their troubles, and aiding them with counsel, as if he were one of themselves, at putting them in the way of honest work, at teaching their children, at protecting them with a perfect courage and chivalry against oppression and wrong. He instinctively appealed, in fact, to their higher nature, and such an appeal seldom remains unanswered. In the roughest eostermonger there is a vein of real nobleness, often even of poetry, in which lies the whole chance of his rising to a better life. I remember, as an instance of the way in which such a vein can be touched, the visit of a lady, well known for her work in the poorer districts of London, to a low alley in my parish. She entered the little mission room with a huge basket, filled, not with groceries or petticoats, but with roses. There was hardly one pale face among the women bending over their sewing that did not flush with delight as she distributed her gifts. Soon, as the news spread down the alley, rougher faces peered in at window and door, and great "navvies" and dock-labourers put out their hard fists for a rose, but with the shyness and delight of school-boys. "She was a *real* lady," was the unanimous verdict of the alley; like Edward Denison, she had somehow discovered that man does not live by bread alone, and that the communion of rich and poor is not to be found in appeals

to the material but to the spiritual side of man. "What do you look on as the greatest boon that has been conferred on the poorer classes in later years?" said a friend to me one day, after expatiating on the rival claims of schools, missions, shoe-black brigades, and a host of other philanthropic efforts for their assistance. I am afraid I sunk in his estimation when I answered, "Sixpenny photographs." But any one who knows what the worth of family affection is among the lower classes, and who has seen the array of little portraits stuck over a labourer's fireplace, still gathering together into one the "home" that life is always parting—the boy that has "gone to Canada," the "girl out at service," the little one with the golden hair, that sleeps under the daisies, the old grandfather in the country—will perhaps feel with me that in counteracting the tendencies, social and industrial, which every day are sapping the healthier family affections, the sixpenny photograph is doing more for the poor than all the philanthropists in the world.

It is easy, indeed, to resolve on "helping" the poor; but it is far less easy to see clearly how we can help them, what is real aid, and what is mere degradation. I know few books where any one who is really facing questions like these can find more help than in these "Letters" of Edward Denison's. Broken and scattered as his hints necessarily appear, the main lines along which his thought moves are plain enough; he would discriminate between temporary and chronic distress, between the poverty caused by a sudden revolution of trade among the skilled artisans of Poplar and the permanent destitution of Bethnal Green. The first requires exceptional treatment; the second a rigid and universal administration of the Poor Laws. "Bring back the Poor Law," he repeats again and again, "to the spirit of its institution; organize a sufficiently elastic labour test, without which no outdoor relief to be given; make the few alterations which altered times demand, and impose every possible discouragement on

private benevolence." The true cure for pauperism lies, in his opinion, in the growth of thrift among the poor. "I am not drawing the least upon my imagination when I say that a young man of twenty could in five years, even as a dock-labourer, which is much the lowest employment and least well paid there is, save about 20%. This is not exactly Utopia; it is within the reach of nearly every man, if quite at the bottom of the tree; but if it were of anything like common occurrence, the destitution and disease of this life would be within manageable limits." Words like these are, I am aware, in striking contrast with the usual public opinion on the subject, or with the mere screeching over poverty in which some sentimentalists are in the habit of indulging. But it is fair to say that they entirely coincide with my own experience. The sight which struck me most in Stepney was one which met my eyes when I plunged by sheer accident into the back-yard of a jobbing carpenter, and came suddenly upon a neat greenhouse with fine flowers inside it. The man had built it with his own hands and his own savings; and the sight of it, as it were, had so told on his next-door neighbour—a cobbler, if I remember right—as to induce him to leave off drinking, and build a rival greenhouse

with savings of his own. Both had become zealous florists, and thrifty, respectable men; but the thing which surprised both of them most was that they had been able to save at all.

It is in the letters themselves, however, rather than in these desultory comments of mine, that the story of these two years of earnest combat with the great problem of our day must be studied. Short as the time was, it was broken by visits to France, to Scotland, to Guernsey, and by his election as Member of Parliament for the borough of Newark. But even these visits and his new parliamentary position were meant to be parts of an effort for the regeneration of our poorer classes. His careful examination of the thrift of the peasantry of the Channel Islands, his researches into the actual working of the "Assistance Publique" in Paris, the one remarkable speech he delivered in Parliament on the subject of vagrancy, were all contributions to this great end. In the midst of these labours, a sudden attack of his old disease forced him to leave England on a long sea-voyage, and within a fortnight of his landing in Australia he died at Melbourne. His portrait hangs in the school which he built, and rough faces, as they gaze at it, still soften even into tears as they think of Edward Denison.

A VICTIM OF PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

PART I.—PARIS.

[THE author of the following paper is a young English gentleman of good family and position. His name, though suppressed for good reasons, is known to the Editor, who has satisfied himself of the trustworthiness of the writer.]

I left England very hurriedly on the 29th of March, 1871, for France, on private business. Through carelessness I omitted to provide myself with a passport before starting, and had, in fact, no papers to prove my identity, except a few letters addressed to me in my own name, which were about as useful to me as a sovereign would be to a dead man. I went *via* Southampton, Havre, and Rouen. During the whole journey I was never once asked for a passport, and travelled quite quietly and without trouble. Just outside Paris we were twice stopped, the first time by the Prussians, the second by the National Guard; no papers were demanded of us, nor did they even look into the carriages. In my compartment were two men, who I often afterwards saw among the leaders of the Commune.

The first thing that struck me on my arrival was the extreme tranquillity of the streets. Where were the *fiânes* of the Boulevards? Where were the well-dressed ladies; the *pères de familles* with their wives and children; the crowded cafés; in fact, all that one remembered of the Paris of some months ago? There were the houses and the well-known places of resort, it is true, but the life was wanting; here and there a few groups were to be seen reading the last *affiche* or the evening paper; but, except at the Porte St. Denis, the great thoroughfares were almost deserted. There, however, was no lack of vitality; numerous crowds were discussing the events of the day, and the noise and

confusion were such as Frenchmen only can make with success.

The next day (Friday, March 31st), I went to the Porte Maillot in the afternoon. The hostilities had not yet commenced, but there was evidently something in the wind, for the gates were shut, and numbers of peasants who had come in with their vegetables and other supplies were standing about and gesticulating wildly. I asked one man what was the matter, and he shrieked out, "Oh, quel malheur! quel malheur! Think, monsieur, they have shut the gates, and we poor wretches will be obliged to remain in Paris. And our wives and children, who are all *là-bas*, what will become of them? Oh, quel malheur! quel malheur! And to think that it is between Frenchmen, between brothers that they are going to fight! Oh, malheur, malheur!" It was indeed a grievous *malheur*, but there they were; and whether they got out or were forced to remain in Paris, I never heard.

The following day, Saturday, April 1st, I found myself, about two o'clock in the afternoon, opposite the Hôtel de Ville. The crowd was great; barricades abounded; sentries were placed in every direction, and the whole place had a most martial appearance. I got into conversation with an officer of the Guides de Garibaldi, who told me that the reason of the excitement was a belief that Garibaldi himself had arrived; but that the report was without foundation, as the General was too ill to leave home. On returning, I heard the people saying, "Oh, il est bien là, le général Garibaldi, il est à l'Hôtel de Ville; nous l'avons même vu, il est arrivé toute à l'heure;" so that I was left in a pleasing state of doubt as to the exact truth till I read the paper next morning, when the report was officially contradicted. It

was, however, the next day that the excitement reached its height, for it was the Sunday, April 2nd, on which the hostilities commenced, and no one knew what to expect. A young foreigner whom I met the next day, told me that he had been in the morning at the Hôtel de Ville for his final reception into the Guides de Garibaldi, when the news arrived; that the captain of the troop to which he was to belong had told him to be there at five o'clock in the evening, at which time he presented himself, and was informed by the sentry that no one would be admitted without a *laissez-passer*, to be obtained at the Elysée. On his applying at the last-named place, he was told that the *laissez-passer* were given at the Hôtel de Ville itself, which turned out to be correct. The excitement outside the Hôtel de Ville was great, for no one knew what had happened. The whole Place was cleared, from the Rue du Renard as far as the Rue St. Antoine; cannon were placed at the barricades, and every preparation was made for receiving an enemy. The Rue de la Verrerie became impassable, and all the streets which commanded a view of either the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, Place Lobau, or Place de la Mairie, were thronged with spectators. The *générale* was beaten throughout the whole arrondissement, and everything seemed to betoken the near approach of the troops of Versailles. Towards eight o'clock, however, things quieted down, the public were once more permitted to circulate freely along the whole of the Rue de Rivoli, though entrance to any one of the Places was denied to them, strong *cordons* of National Guards being placed to keep order. About eleven all was quiet, as if nothing had happened.

During the whole of the next week, being entirely occupied with my own affairs, I saw absolutely nothing; but on the following Sunday, Easter-day, I went up to the Arc de Triomphe to see the bombardment. The scene was more like that on a race-course than any other I ever saw. Carriages with ele-

gantly-dressed ladies, gentlemen and officers on horseback and on foot, *gamins* with telescopes at so much an hour, had all come to see the destruction of their capital. "Chacun à son goût," but at last two or three shells bursting rather near them did not seem so well to their taste as those at a distance, and they began to move off pretty quickly. The confusion of getting away was a wonderful sight. Everybody shouted "Par ici" to everybody else; and when the firing became pretty hot, what with the shrieks of the ladies, the oaths of the gentlemen, and the crying of the children, it was a "chaos worse confounded" than usual.

On Monday, April 10th, began my own particular part in this business,—a part which was forced upon me, and in no pleasant manner. It was about half-past one, as I was returning from breakfast, that I met a sergeant and four men of the —th battalion, just opposite the Tour St. Jacques. On seeing me, they marched up to me, and the sergeant said, "Pardon, citoyen, but what is your battalion?" I answered that, being an Englishman, I did not belong to any battalion.

"And your passport, citoyen?"

Upon my replying that I had none, he requested me to go with him to the Mairie of the —th Arrondissement, which was close by, and I was accordingly escorted thither by the four guards. On my arrival, I was shown into a cell, which, I must confess, was comfortable enough, though it might have been cleaner. I was locked in, and left to my own reflections, which, as may well be imagined, were not of the pleasantest kind. I had no passport, I had no one to whom I could apply, as the one friend I had in Paris, to whom I was well known, had left on Saturday the 8th, being above the required age; having no evidence of my nationality, it was useless applying at the Embassy, so that I must make up my mind to serve the Commune. One thing I resolved—to keep myself as much in the background as possible. In about three or four hours I was summoned, and conducted

before the members of the Commune for the arrondissement. They received me most civilly, and requested me to give my name, age, profession, &c. This business concluded, one of them took up a paper, and before filling it up, said, "You will be placed in the —th battalion, *compagnies de guerre*, as you are under forty years of age." "Messieurs," I replied, "your political affairs are no matter to me; and it is my misfortune to be placed in this unpleasant predicament; but I tell you that you may shoot me if you will, but I absolutely refuse to leave Paris to face the Versailles, who are no enemies of mine in particular, and I therefore demand to be set at liberty." Upon this they all laughed, and told me to leave the room, and they would consult as to what should be done with me. After some little time I was recalled, and informed that I was to be placed in the same battalion, which would form part of a *compagnie sédentaire*. I again remonstrated at this proceeding, and demanded to be set at liberty; upon which they said I must be drunk, and ordered me to be locked up till the next morning, when I was to be transferred to my battalion. Accordingly I was taken back to my cell, where I was deposited, and again locked in. The National Guards who were my gaolers were very kind, and bought me (with my own money, *bien entendu*) all I needed for dinner, giving me some of their own excellent coffee after it. As I had a mattress, bolster, and rug, I managed to pass a very good night.

About nine o'clock next morning, I was taken before an official who did the duties of the Maire, where my name, &c. was inscribed on a card, after which I was conducted to my company, which was on duty at the Timbre, Rue de la Banque. Here I was presented to my captain, a remarkably pleasant man, as indeed were all my comrades, and I can never forget the kindness I met with from them; the only regret I have is my utter ignorance of their fate. I can scarcely hope that they all escaped the miserable lot that befel so many, but

I should rejoice to hear that some at least were spared. On entering the captain's office and taking off my hat, I was told to put it on again, "as we are all equal here, citizen;" and after the captain had said a few words to me, I was regaled with bread, sardines, and wine, the rations for the day. The captain was a young man of six-and-twenty, very fair, and with a particularly quiet, gentleman-like manner (he was, I believe, a carpet-weaver); he had been a soldier, and had served in Africa with distinction. The post which we occupied was not of the most comfortable description. A long corridor dimly lighted, with a large stove in the centre, and recesses on either side with a little straw in them for sleeping on, was all the accommodation; but as nearly all had rugs and great-coats, there was not much to complain of. I had neither rifle nor uniform, nor could I be provided with my equipment till the guard was dismounted, so that I was forced to make the best of things till that time, and remain as I was, for escape was out of the question.

The next day, I was told off for the *corvée des vivres*; that is, the fatigue duty for the rations, and fatigue duty it certainly was; however, I do not regret it, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing what was absolutely impossible for any outsider to witness. From the Rue de la Banque we marched to the Place Vendôme, the head-quarters of the staff and centre of the troops in Paris. Though actually on duty, and escorted by a lieutenant of the National Guard, I was denied admission for some time, owing to my being in plain clothes. Having at last got in, we had plenty of time to look about us, for the officer had to wait more than two hours to get his order signed and stamped.

The whole of the large Place was filled with National Guards, some in brown *capotes*, some in grey, some in light blue, and some in dark blue; some preparing to march, some cooking, some sleeping on their rugs on the pavement, and a great many drinking at the stalls. Talking with the *cantinières* was also a

very popular occupation. Very trim and neat they looked in their pretty costume; a black jacket trimmed with red, fitting tightly to the figure, black trousers with a broad red stripe, covered to the knees with a petticoat of the same stuff, and a broad red band running round it,—all this, together with a Tyrolese hat and feathers, and the little barrel slung across the left shoulder, made up one of the prettiest costumes I ever saw. Ladies, I recommend it to your notice for the next fancy ball.

Some prisoners were brought into the yard of the *État Major*, and taken away to be locked up, which naturally occasioned great excitement, and numerous were the speculations as to their ultimate fate. The general impression seemed to be that they would be sent to Mazas or some other prison.

At length we were summoned, with the other *corvées* of the battalion, to place ourselves in the ranks, in order to be told off for the different articles. My lot fell to go for the meat, and a long hot march we had as far as the *Manutention*, *Quai de Billy*, which is about three miles from the *Place Vendôme*. On arriving there, we learnt that we should have about three hours to wait, as the order was not *en règle*, and we therefore sat down on the parapet; and while watching the boats on the *Seine*, and listening to the distant firing, I reflected that red tape forms were to be found elsewhere than in the War Department of dear old England. After about two hours and a half the lieutenant returned, and told us we must go back, to the *Place Vendôme*, which we accordingly did, and on our arrival there were straightway sent back again to the *Manutention*. The same difficulty was made there as to my entrance, but I was at length allowed to pass, and the scene that presented itself was beyond description: large waggons filled with bread, bacon, coffee, barrels of wine and brandy, waiting to be discharged; other vehicles of every description, omnibuses, military train waggons, cabs, carts, and small hand trucks, heavily loaded, and with

the addition of men of the *corvée* on the top, waiting to be off; National Guards of every battalion, artillerymen, cavalry, military train, *Vengeurs de Paris*, *Defenseurs de Paris*, *Chasseurs Fédérés*, *Enfants Perdus*, every hue and shade of colour; everybody shouting at the top of his voice, barrels piled in all directions with men standing or sitting on them, other barrels being rolled about to the imminent risk of one's toes, distracted officials rushing wildly about with papers in their hands; in fact, the whole made up a scene of unutterable confusion quite *à la Balaclava*, but if possible worse.

Passing under an archway, where we were nearly crushed to death by an omnibus as full as it could hold, we at last arrived at the yard where the meat was distributed. Here the state of things was somewhat better, and after considerable pushing, squeezing, and swearing, we got to our destination. Hundreds of barrels of preserved pork were ranged in the most picturesque disorder, and as fast as one was emptied another was rapidly opened (an operation which involved a bath of greasy brine for those who were near), and distributed according to weight, for each order. The pools of brine were ankle-deep, and it was necessary to pass through them to carry away the meat. Our portion was given to us in two barrels, which we rolled through the yard to the omnibus we had engaged, stopping on our way to drink a glass of wine and eat a handful of biscuit, which were distributed to us in consideration of our long delay. Back again to the *Place Vendôme*, where the distribution of the rations (with the exception of the wine) was made for all the companies of the battalion, in the yard of the *Intendance*, and then back again to the *Timbre*, where the same ceremony was gone through. Each man received about a pound and a half of bread, and five hundred grammes of meat; the coffee, sugar, and brandy being put aside to be cooked together. For the wine we had to trudge to the new *Grand Opéra*, where we were served in a passage so

dark that I wonder how the men could see to measure it. From the Grand Opéra we were obliged to go to the headquarters of the battalion for the distribution, and away we marched right past the Hôtel de Ville, and then back again to the Grand Opéra to return the hand-truck we had borrowed to carry the barrels on. It was eleven at night before I sat down to my dinner, and as I had been on foot since eight in the morning, and had eaten nothing but a handful of biscuit all that time, I was hungry enough. I slept that night on straw as I had never slept before in my life.

The next day it was the same thing, with the exception of the journey to the Grand Opéra, as the wine was distributed at the Place Vendôme, so that, to our great satisfaction, we had finished by four o'clock in the afternoon. There was such a want of organization that one never knew where to go for the rations; one day it was to the Place Vendôme, another to the Manutention, a third to the mairie of the arrondissement to which the battalion belonged, and a fourth to the Grand Opéra; one day the orders were to be signed at the Ministry of War, another at the Place Vendôme, and another at the Mairie, so that more time was lost in waiting and running about than would have sufficed to supply the whole of Paris.

We stayed at the Timbre five days in all, and most uncomfortable it was. On the day that we were relieved, Saturday, April 15th, an alarm was raised, at three o'clock in the morning, that the enemy were in Paris. The sentries were immediately doubled, and every preparation made to receive them; but after remaining under arms till six o'clock, we were relieved by another company, and everybody went to their respective homes. The nature of the men composing the National Guard is best shown by the fact that, when we were relieved from guard, of between seventy and eighty men who ought to have answered to their names, not more than thirty-five or forty were present, and on every similar occasion it was the same. They did not

care to sleep on boards or straw, or with their clothes on, as long as they could sleep in their own beds at home; leave enough men to mount the sentries, and it would be all right; as soon as the *générale* or the *rappel* was beaten, they would fly to their posts. And yet on one occasion, when the *générale* was actually beaten throughout the arrondissement at half-past eleven o'clock at night, the number of men of my battalion present at five o'clock in the morning was one hundred and fifty, the effective strength being over nine hundred! This fact shows plainly the chance that Paris had against the Versailles troops, who were regular soldiers, and obliged to be present on every occasion. Hence their victory against enormous odds, for the army of the Commune never numbered less than 300,000 men, and was, or rather should have been, well armed and supplied, while that of Versailles was limited to 180,000 men. When not on duty, the only service required of me was attendance at drill for two hours every day, at 4 P.M., after which the company was paid.

During my stay in the battalion, I was on duty at the Bureau de Police, Quai Napoléon, where I witnessed the finding of the stores of ammunition in the caves of Notre Dame, the reason alleged for the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, as they said that he had no right, as a non-combatant, to connive at the secretion of stores; and a still greater reason, that they wished to deal a decisive blow at the Church (for the hatred of the *curés* was something beyond belief). The perquisition at the cathedral was made on the 19th of April, and the Archbishop was not assassinated till the very last week of the Commune, so that I think that this can only have been made an excuse for so cruel and wicked an act. I was also on duty at the Mont de Piété, Rue des Blancs Manteaux, and at the Mairie of the —th Arrondissement. During all this time, about eighteen days, I can find nothing to record that has not been already published in the letters of the newspaper correspondents.

I had made the acquaintance of one of the members of the Commune, a M. A——, and meeting him one day at dinner, he asked me if I could ride. On my replying in the affirmative, he told me that they were in great want of horsemen, and that I must put down my name for the cavalry. I answered that I was very well where I was, and that as I had been forced to serve, I preferred to remain in my present battalion. He laughed, and said, "If you do not go to-morrow, and write down your name at the address I give you, before four o'clock, you will be forced to do so." I protested strongly against this arbitrary measure, but all to no avail, and the next day did as he had instructed me, by one o'clock in the day.

Two or three days afterwards I received the following:—

"CITOYEN,

Veuillez-vous trouver demain, 3 Mai, Place du Châtelet, à 10 heures du matin, pour prendre casernement ?

"Par ordre du Colonel,

"_____,
"Secrétaire."]

On my repairing to the rendezvous at the appointed hour, I found about a hundred and fifty men, composing the troop to which I belonged, collected together; we were placed in the ranks, and then marched off to the Caserne des Célestins, Rue du Petit Musc. Here we took possession of two long corridors and of the rooms, about five-and-twenty in number; the day was spent in cleaning them out, and in arranging beds, mattresses, rugs, &c. The next day we went to the Magasin d'Habillement, Quai d'Orsay, to find our equipment. Our uniform was a light blue shell jacket, red overalls, and red kepi; we were armed with a sword, pistol, and *carbine à piston*. The horses were expected every day; but I, as an Englishman, and therefore considered a superior horseman, and also owing to the care of my friend M. A——, was the only man supplied with a charger.

¹ I am obliged to write from memory, as all my papers were afterwards taken from me, but of the accuracy of the above I am confident.

The life led while in barracks was as follows, the list of military duties being affixed to the door of each barrack-room:—

| | | |
|--|------|------|
| <i>Réveil</i> | 4:30 | A.M. |
| <i>Pansage</i> (stable duty) | 5 | " |
| <i>Appel</i> (roll-call) | 7 | " |
| <i>Soupe</i> | 9:30 | " |
| <i>Pansage</i> | 2 | P.M. |
| <i>Appel</i> | 4 | " |
| <i>Soupe</i> | 5 | " |
| <i>Appel</i> | 8 | " |
| <i>Rétraite</i> | 9 | " |
| <i>Extinction des feux</i> | 10 | " |

This was, however, a mere dead letter as far as the stable duty was concerned, the horses, as I have already stated, not being there, but the roll-calls, &c. were observed with the utmost rigour. The punishment for the first absence from roll-call without leave was privation of pay; for the second time, twenty-four hours of the black hole in addition, and for the third, eight days' black hole and no pay.

The time passed heavily enough, as all were confined to barracks up to four o'clock in the afternoon, and, with the exception of a couple of hours' drill, there was nothing to do except to clean one's arms, sleep, play piquet or *écarté*, or lounge about the barrack-square. I am thankful to say I only had about two days of it. I struck up a great acquaintance with the *cantinière* of the battalion, a kind, motherly woman, who lived in the canteen with her husband and children; I used to talk to her about the past siege, and delighted in hearing her stories of her services in the double capacity of *ambulancière* and *cantinière*. She had been *décorée*, and wore her scrap of red ribbon on her breast. Like all the respectable persons I met with, her only wish was peace and quietness, to enable her to gain her living honestly. She was a good woman, and her sensitive heart could never bear to see a poor fellow, who she knew had had nothing all day, looking in at the door with longing eyes at her cheery array of bottles. Many a time have I seen her call such an one in and give him a glass of wine, or nip of brandy, with a good-natured "Voilà, mon enfant,

tu me paieras quand tu toucheras ta solde." Alas! in too many instances, the only payment she is likely to get is that which I am sure she will receive in heaven.

As soon as I got my horse, I received my orders direct from M. A—, and held myself constantly in readiness to carry despatches. I passed my time chiefly between the Ministry of War and the Hôtel de Ville, varied by excursions to the Place Vendôme and the offices of the different battalions, until at last I was in the condition of Master Tom in Ingoldsby's "Nell Cook," and inclined to eschew the saddle, as well as stool or bench or chair! It was during this time that I first saw General Dombrowski. I was in the ante-room at the Ministry of War, waiting for despatches to take to the Hôtel de Ville, when I saw him ride into the court. He soon passed through where I and all the other orderlies were waiting, and as he did so, I stood at attention and saluted him; he stopped and said to me, "Ah, tu es vieux soldat! tu boiras un bon coup à ma santé," giving me as he spoke a five-franc piece. He was a short, bald man, and very pleasant. I had many interviews with him afterwards. The next time I saw him (two days afterwards), I told him I was English, keeping, however, to myself the fact of my being a "pressed man." This seemed to raise me high in his favour, and he expressed a wish that I should join his own particular regiment of cavalry, the *Eclaireurs de la Commune*, I believe, and form part of his escort. This compliment would naturally have greatly pleased me, had I been a volunteer, but in my position it had exactly the opposite effect. I answered, however, that I was sensible of his goodness, but was first of all bound to M. A—, whose orderly I was. He said he would speak to the *citoyen* about me, and desired me to ride to the Hôtel de Ville with him. I did so, but never heard anything more of the affair.

It was on the night of Saturday, May 20th, that the panic of the *réactionnaires* finally reached its height. Who the *ré-*

actionnaires were, I never could make out. Whether they were those adherents of the party of Versailles who had been forced to remain in Paris, or whether they were Ultra-Communists, I am unable to state. I can only be certain that they were more dreaded than the Versailles. The latter were a known fact, one could say where they were; but who could say where to discover an enemy who fired on you from windows, destroyed churches, took money in the name of the Commune, and added considerably to the great confusion that already reigned in Paris? Whatever they were, they formed the terror of all the Parisians. One had always dreaded them, but on this Saturday night the fear of them had increased tenfold. I was on guard, and on taking my post with my comrade at the gate of the barracks, the most strict orders were given to allow no one to come within at least a hundred yards without challenging them. The usual challenge was "Passez au large, citoyens." It was a very quiet street, and nothing disturbed the usual tranquillity till about midnight, when we heard the sound of horses coming along at full gallop. As soon as they were in sight my comrade cried, "Halte là! Qui vive?" to which there was no answer. I joined him in repeating the challenge three times. As they continued to advance, my comrade fired his pistol at them, but without effect. On this, they hastily turned back and proceeded at a break-neck gallop by small by-streets, until they emerged on the Quai des Célestins, which is at the end of the Rue du Petit Muse—the street in which our barracks were situated. The *maréchal des logis* (sergeant) of the guard, who had rushed out on hearing the pistol-shot, ordered us to follow him on to the Quai, which we accordingly did, as hard as our legs could carry us. We arrived just in time to see them fly past us, and, following them as best we could, we arrived at the entrance to the second barracks, in the Rue de Sully, just as the guard were turning out to admit them. It was the *colonel de casernement* (chief

barrack master) and a lieutenant of cavalry !

"Chef des postes, arrêtez-moi ces hommes là !" panted forth our sergeant.

"Arrêtez-moi ces trois hommes là !" shrieked out the colonel.

"Arrêtez-moi ces deux cavaliers et prenez leurs chevaux ; ces sont des réactionnaires !" cried our man.

"Désarmez-moi ces trois imbéciles !" insisted the colonel.

The wretched *chef des postes* looked first at us and then at the two horsemen ; the latter he knew, but he was evidently in mortal terror of *réactionnaires*, and for some time could not decide which order to obey. Meanwhile we continued shouting loudly for the arrest of the two officers, and they were as wildly clamouring for our arms to be given up to them, so that the poor man, confused by this Babel—for by this time all the inmates of both parts of the barracks had turned out, and were disputing at the top of their voices—at length made up his mind, and requested us to give up our swords. We obeyed this order. We were then conducted into the guard-room, where another violent discussion took place as to why *les citoyens* colonel and lieutenant had not halted at the challenge. I sat down and laughed till I cried at the absurd scene. There were we three, with the colonel, lieutenant, and the wretched *chef des postes*, the centre of a crowd of men in all costumes, every one speaking at once, and no one to be either heard or understood. At length, a little silence being established, the colonel informed us that we should certainly be summoned before a court-martial, and probably be shot for our "outrageous conduct." In vain did we attempt to prove that he was in the wrong ; he would hear nothing. All this while the *chef des postes* went about imploring us to be calm—the affair would arrange itself, and no one was to be afraid (what of, I cannot say). Fortunately for us, the colonel of our regiment came to our rescue, and, after a great deal more talking, our swords were given back to us, and we returned to our quarters.

The next morning the *colonel de caserne* was sent for and severely reprimanded by the Commune, and the day after he disappeared, taking with him a considerable sum of money.

On Sunday, May 21st, at ten o'clock at night, we were summoned to the church of St. Paul, in the Rue St. Antoine. The National Guards of the arrondissement being all occupied either in making or guarding barricades, our regiment was forced to mount all the guards in it, and there were, consequently, only about forty men left in barracks. Ten of these were necessary to mount the guard, and the rest were marched to the church. We entered by the vestry door, and remained behind the iron gratings as quiet as we could be, as a meeting was going on in the church. An orator, with a prodigious power of lungs, was holding forth about the rights of the people and the beauty of liberty. We, who were all dead tired, sat down on chairs or on the ground. When the orator had concluded, the people were politely requested by our captain to retire, which they at once did. We then made the tour of the church, in order to post sentries, and such an utter wreck I never beheld. The high altar was a mass of ruins—candles thrown down, crosses broken, the sanctuary torn open, flowers strewn on the ground and trampled under foot, the statues of the saints, the Madonna, and our blessed Saviour defaced and mutilated ; in short, nothing spared. And by whom? Not the people who were there when we arrived, for they had only entered the church after the deed was done. Some said it was the *réactionnaires*, but the general impression was that it had been done by the sacristans, some even said by the *curés* themselves ; but of course that is absurd. At any rate, the sacristans were arrested.

When the sentries were posted, the place assigned to me was before the high altar. I shall long remember the deep feeling of awe which remained upon me during my two hours' vigil. No sound aroused the echoes of the building, save the measured tread of

my comrades, whose footsteps sounded weird and hollow in the dim ghastly light. I pictured to myself the solemn sight that the building had presented the last time I attended a service there. How well I remembered it! It was on the occasion of the funeral of one of the members of my old company of the National Guard, and I seemed to hear the strains of the "Dies Iræ" floating through the church; and then I remembered how we had all presented arms kneeling on one knee, at the elevation of the Host. I was disturbed in my reverie by the patrol, which made its rounds every quarter of an hour.

Four times in the hour was heard the challenge "Halte là! Qui vive?" with the reply "Ami," and "Avancez sur la mot de ralliement," when the monotonous tread was resumed, and the challenge was repeated from sentry to sentry, till lost in murmurs among the distant aisles.

I returned to barracks at nine o'clock (Monday, May 22nd), to find that during my absence some one had possessed himself of my horse. No one, of course, knew who had taken it, and I was obliged to put up with my loss, knowing that I should soon procure another.

At about half-past ten a detachment of fifteen men was ordered to go to the Rue St. Antoine, to construct a barricade. Wishing to avoid as much as possible taking a more active part than that already forced upon me, I got myself placed as sentry in order to turn all vehicles to the right or to the left, that wanted to pass straight up the street. Hard work it was, indeed; sometimes a driver was obstinate, and would insist on passing, which obliged me to turn the horse by force; another man would want to know the reason why he could not pass; a third would flourish passes and papers of the Commune in my face, and tell me no one had a right to stop him, to which I could only answer by pointing to the barricade, some eight feet high and six feet thick, a serious obstacle to a heavily-laden waggon. One fat man,

a colonel on the staff, in a carriage and pair, was so persistent that I let him pass, and laughed heartily in my sleeve to see him return two minutes afterwards and ignominiously take the way to the left that I had at first pointed out to him.

But worst of all were the men who came with all sorts of contradictory orders, and papers authorizing them to enforce them. To these gentry, *réactionnaires* without a doubt, I had but one answer: "Citoyen, je n'ai que ma consigne; si vous voulez trouver le chef des postes et l'amener ici avec vous, il me la changera, si c'est nécessaire." Of twenty-seven individuals who thus wrangled and objected, and went off to find the sergeant of the guard, not one returned.

Then there were certain men who refused to place a stone on the barricade. With these I had nothing to do; two of my comrades were told to look after them, and their task was harder than mine. Everyone in plain clothes who went by was pressed to work at the barricade, and those who came from it had to show their hands as evidence of their having done so; if anyone refused to assist, he was escorted by a guard of four men, and compelled to work hard for an hour at least.

It was a burning hot day, and what with running after carriages, carts, and waggons, and shouting till I was hoarse, I felt very tired, and exceedingly glad when the order came at half-past eight P.M., to return to barracks. After a good wash at the pump, and a hearty dinner, I lay down on my bed at eleven utterly exhausted, and was soon fast asleep. But I was not to enjoy a night's rest for a long time to come. At one o'clock in the morning I was roused, and thinking it was some one come home late did not stir. At last a voice exclaimed loudly, "Eh, l'Anglais, lève-toi; vite, vite!" In a great rage at being thus disturbed, I told the speaker to go to the deuce. "Mais tu ne peux pas dormir avec tout ce feu là et l'ennemi tout près de nous; je ne blague pas, lève-toi plutôt et regarde par la fenêtre."

At this I jumped up in an instant and rushed to the window; there was, indeed, a fire blazing up to the sky in two great pillars of flame, such as I had never beheld. Where it was we could not at first determine, but we soon came to the conclusion that it must be at the Tuileries—a surmise which was confirmed the next morning. We hastened down to the guard-room, where we passed the night under arms.

The next morning (Tuesday, 23rd), our colonel told us of the death of Dombrowski, who had been shot during the night, though particulars were not known. I was sorry to hear of the end of my old acquaintance, and knew then that the cause of the Commune was utterly and irretrievably lost, as he was the only able man among them, and had many a time distinguished himself during the war.

I spent the morning in search of a horse, and having at last found one which suited me, and obtained the necessary order to appropriate him, I led him away to the barracks, put him in an empty stable, locked the door, and put the key in my pocket, in order to prevent any one from walking off with him as they had done with my last charger. There was a great panic in the evening, as it was said that the enemy were in possession of the Place de la Concorde, and would be with us next morning. Everybody began to make preparations for flight, wishing to get to their own homes and change their uniform for plain clothes. No one knew, with any degree of certainty, where the enemy really was, or how far they had advanced; only one thing was certain, that the game was played out, and that *saute qui peut* was now to be the order of the day.

I went down the street and on to the Quai des Célestins, to see if I could possibly judge how matters really stood, and only found the accounts more exaggerated than they had been in barracks. Men, women, and children were rushing frantically about from group to group, demanding news, and carrying it on with a hundred variations, till in an hour's

time, according to their accounts, we were all to be taken prisoners, tried, condemned, and executed.

The whole scene was lit up as clear as day by the fires which blazed in all directions, that of the Hôtel de Ville (about five hundred yards distant) being the most remarkable. What the others were I am unable to state; but I believe the Ministère des Finances and the Palais de Justice were burnt that night.

At last the darkness began to give way to the light of day; and if the scene had appeared *bizarre* and wonderful in the flaming brightness of the numerous fires, what was it in the cold grey light of the coming day? It was truly a sight to be remembered for a lifetime. The faces of the crowd were now to be seen in all the different expressions of horror, amazement, and abject terror. Many were excited by drink (I can safely say that I saw none really intoxicated), and these were the only persons who seemed to have any idea of resistance to the enemy. The rest had absolutely abandoned the thought of defending themselves, and though armed could only talk of flight. The predominant idea among them was that of their personal safety; "Every one for himself," but alas! not "God for all," was their motto. If the men could but accomplish their own safety in some manner or other, their wives and children might remain at home to meet their fate. I stayed among them till about four in the morning (Wednesday, 24th), when, hearing the trumpet sound "To horse," I hurried back to barracks as fast as I could. On my arrival I found that we were ordered to the Place de la Bastille, there to hold ourselves in readiness for action. The *lieutenant de casernement* was going about to each of our men, imploring them to come and join him at the *cartoucherie* in the Arsenal, promising us by way of consolation that we should never surrender, but as soon as the enemy approached be all blown up. "Nous sauterons tous ensemble, mes enfants; venez avec moi." But

"mes enfants" were not at all of this opinion, and told him that they much preferred making a fight for their skins to being blown up "nice and comfortable."

At length about forty of us left together for our destination. On our arrival I and seven others were told off to go to the barricade at the Rue de la Roquette, to hold ourselves at the disposal of the captain of the barricades for the whole Place de la Bastille, as orderlies. My companions were, with one exception, very good fellows, and plucky enough; six of them were lads of eighteen or nineteen, and the other was a grumpy old wretch who had served in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and could talk of nothing but the heat of Algeria, and the opportunities of plunder he had let slip there.

There was nothing for us to do when we arrived; and as we were told we should not be wanted for some hours, I fastened up my horse to a lamp-post, and wrapping my large cloak round me, lay down on the pavement, and was soon fast asleep. When I awoke it was mid-day, and I looked about me with astonishment, which was most natural, considering I had been dreaming that I was at home. I remember that I dreamt of a large dinner-party, at which however, by some unaccountable fatality, I could get nothing to eat, though everything was handed to me in due course. I had had nothing since four o'clock the previous day, and therefore my thoughts while sleeping took this direction, as was often the case during the terrible time that I afterwards passed. I really think that at that time I and many others would willingly have been shot, if we could only have secured one good meal.

Before proceeding further, I will endeavour to explain the nature of the defence of the Place de la Bastille, where some of the severest fighting took place during that awful week.

The Place de la Bastille is a large, open space, in the centre of which stands the Column of July, erected in memory of those who fell in the Revolution

of 1830. It is approached by the Rue St. Antoine, the Boulevards Bourdon and de la Contrescarpe, the Rue de Lyon, Rue de Charenton, Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, Rue de la Roquette, the Boulevards Richard Lenoir and Beaumarchais. At each of these points was erected a barricade, sometimes open in the centre, so as to allow horsemen, ammunition waggons, &c. to pass; at others entirely closed, and forming an admirable shelter for sharpshooters, besides being batteries for the artillery.

The most important barricade at the Place de la Bastille was that of the Rue St. Antoine, which consisted of two walls of about six feet thick and ten high, at about 200 yards apart. The first, which was for the sharpshooters, stood a little above the Rue du Petit Musc, and was open in the centre; the second, actually on the Place, was used until the first had been taken, as a battery for two guns, which fired straight down the Rue St. Antoine. The barricade of the Rue de la Roquette, where I was stationed, was a fine piece of work. Though hastily thrown up, like all the rest, it was very strong, and capable of holding out for a long time, as indeed it did. It consisted of two walls about ten feet high and eight broad, parallel to each other, overlapping each other, but not extending quite across the street, leaving a space sufficient for the passage of a waggon or omnibus; at the front were two fine breech-loading guns, which when fired made such a noise as to smash every pane of glass in the adjacent houses of the narrow street. The wall behind was meant for the sharpshooters, and was so constructed that they could lie in safety on the top. In front of the whole barricade was a large pool of water some two or three feet deep—an unpleasant place to find oneself in on a fidgety horse, as once fell to my lot.

To return, however, to my story. I was lying there and wondering whether I should be able to get anything to eat, when a National Guard came up to me, and said, that my comrades had just started for the Mairie of the 11th

Arrondissement, in order to change their uniform (chasseur of the regular army) for the costume of the National Guard; "for," he added, "we shall assuredly fire on you, seeing you dressed in that fashion, and the Versaillais will kill you without quarter." I started off on my horse as fast as I could, and on arriving at the Mairie received a kepi and *vareuse* of the National Guard, which was all I needed, as I had a pair of coarse canvas trousers which had been served out to us for stable duty. I also changed my worthless *carbine à piston* for a *tabatière*. On entering the Mairie I was greeted with loud cheers, as the crowd outside had been informed that we were deserters from the enemy, come to enrol ourselves under the Red flag; an instance of the many deceptions practised upon the people by the Commune. Back we went to the barricade, escorted by a large mob, all crying out, "Ah, les bons garçons! les bons patriotes!"—a "flattering unction" which we could not "lay to our souls," though we looked the part to the life; ay, and acted it too, shouting lustily, "Vive la Commune!" "Vive la République!" These words were in my mouth the whole of the next three days, and the people never saw a horseman but they crowded round him, shrieking out, "Comment va-t-il à présent?" a question to which the answer was invariably, "Tout va bien! Vive la Commune! Vive la République;" though the enemy might at the time be within five hundred yards. Indeed such infatuation and incredulity of bad news as the French people displayed, not only during the insurrection but during the whole war, was absurd, and could only lead to lamentable ends: tell them on good authority they had lost a battle, or that their troops had been driven back, and they would answer that you were joking, and you might think yourself lucky if you escaped with a whole skin; but say nothing more than "Tout va bien, nous avons gagné!" and without stopping to inquire what, they would at once cheer and shout as if a great and

decisive victory had been won before their eyes.

The method of obtaining our provisions was curious in the extreme. The chief of the barricade wrote on a bit of paper an order for so much meat, wine, or bread, and having signed it, handed it over to the officer in charge of the detachment. Armed with this document he presented himself at the bakers or butchers, and demanded to be served; telling the proprietor that he would be paid on presentation of the order at the Mairie. The first day this was very well, but on the second the poor people refused to deliver anything without a signed and stamped order from the Mairie. By this very just demand they however obtained no benefit, as their wares were then seized without any order at all; not that they felt the loss of that, as they received no payment in either case. On this day we fared sumptuously, for we took our order for meat to a *charcutier*, where we obtained preserved salmon, Australian preserved mutton, *pâtés de foies gras*, and all sorts of delicacies, to which we did ample justice, after our long fast.

By the time we had finished it was past seven o'clock, and we were sent off into a house at the corner and told we might rest ourselves. As there were eight of us in a small room and but two beds, I greatly preferred availing myself of the friendly invitation of the *conciérge* to sit in his lodge, and drink a glass of wine with him. I found a couple of truculent-looking ruffians in the uniform of the National Guard, already much the worse for liquor, discussing politics and relating their feats of arms during the late war. One of them informed me that he was determined never to close an eye till the present state of affairs was at an end, as it was the duty of every good citizen to be sober and vigilant, winding up with the eternal "et je suis bon patriote, moi." As he dropped asleep a few minutes afterwards, his determination did not impress me more than he did himself. In about half an hour I felt greatly inclined to follow his example, and my

good friend the *concierge*, seeing I could hardly keep my eyes open, kindly spread a mattress on the floor, on which I threw myself, and never letting go my rifle, was in a few seconds fast asleep. I had not lain there more than ten minutes when I was aroused, and told that some one was inquiring for me; and immediately afterwards the lieutenant in charge of the barricade entered shouting out, "Eh, l'Anglais! viens donc vite, vite; c'est le capitaine que te demande." Thus was I unceremoniously summoned at half-past eleven o'clock at night from the lodge of the *concierge*. Repairing hastily to the barricade, I found the captain with two of my comrades awaiting my arrival, preparatory to starting on a visit to all the barricades under his charge. We were to escort him on foot, which I was not sorry for, as my poor horse needed all the rest he could get; and picking our way through the wearied and exhausted men who were sleeping on the ground, we went out upon the Place. All was silent, save for the measured tread of the sentries, as they paced to and fro upon their posts. Half-way across we were challenged by a sentry who had been placed over some of the guns that were standing about; this man was one of the "Défenseurs de la Colonne de Juillet," and a Pole by birth. I had made his acquaintance at the Caserne des Célestins, where his regiment had been quartered with ours. He was a deserter from the Prussians, and could speak scarcely any French. I had always been sorry for the poor fellow, as I believe he was about the only honest and well-meaning man in that regiment of blackguards. Passing on, we arrived at the barricade of the Rue St. Antoine, where the guns were placed. Inspecting these, we turned to the right, and got into the Rue St. Antoine just by the other barricade. Here we advanced right up to the sentry without being challenged, and great was the just wrath of our captain at such utter carelessness and want of precaution. With the exception of the sentry every man was asleep, and it took some moments to arouse the officer in charge.

When he did at length appear, great was the "wiggling" he received; and he was threatened with death if better watch was not kept. Had the enemy arrived at that time, the barricade would have fallen an easy prey to them, and after it the whole of the Place de la Bastille. On leaving this post, we divided our little troop; the captain and I marched in the middle of the street, while our two companions went one on either side on the pavement. On we went through the deserted streets, with our rifles in readiness to fire on the first occasion. We met no one; no light shone from the windows; no sound was heard save that of our own footsteps and the clank of our swords, as we marched slowly down the street. Our chief, and in fact our only cause for alarm, was the chance of a shot from the windows, of which there had been already many instances. However, we arrived safely at the Mairie of the 4th Arrondissement, where we were duly challenged, and advanced upon giving the countersign.

Here we found the defence in a worse state than at the last barricade. A lieutenant and one private of the *Francs-tireurs de la Commune* were all who remained to guard the most advanced of all the posts which we still held. They were firing away as fast as they could, now here, now there, running from one place to another, and discharging their rifles in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville. Our captain decided to reconnoitre as far as the Hôtel de Ville; taking me with him, and ordering our other two men to remain at the barricade, and assist in keeping up the firing, and at the same time to press any one who came by for the defence. It was hard work walking, as the pavement had been all torn up in order to construct the barricades, and it required no small amount of skill to avoid falling into holes, or stumbling over heaps of stones, encumbered as I was with my *tabatière* at full cock; to say nothing of my enormous sword, my spurs, or my great horseman's cloak, which did not at all aid me in my advance. Altogether, I never was more

thoroughly uncomfortable in my life; in addition to the risk I ran of being shot both by friend and foe, I also stood a very good chance of committing involuntary suicide, for the *tabatière* is a rifle which goes off in the easiest manner possible, when fully cocked; and put mine on half-cock I dared not: once I attempted it, but the click caught the watchful ears of my companion, and he at once ordered me to cock it again and keep it at full cock. However, we reached the Place Lobau in safety, and came full in front of the Hôtel de Ville, which was blazing fiercely: keeping well under cover of the Caserne Napoléon, we gazed in silence for some minutes at the scene. Here was one of the most beautiful buildings of this city of palaces, given over as a prey to fire and flame; now and again a loud explosion would take place within, and then the flames would shoot forth with redoubled fury, making the darkness of the night as clear as the brightest noonday. "C'est bien dommage," whispered my companion to me, "mais allons! en route."

We retraced our steps, as cautiously as we had come, having ascertained the fact that the Versailles troops had not passed the Hôtel de Ville as yet, by the Rue de Rivoli; it now remained for us to see how far they had advanced along the Quays. We had intended to cross the Place de la Mairie, but on arriving there, and standing upright against the wall of the Caserne Napoléon, what was our horror and amazement to find the Place illuminated by the light of a fire! We were thunderstruck; crouching down in the shade, and drawing our cloaks around us, so as to render us as little conspicuous as possible, we held a short consultation. What could have happened during our absence? We could scarcely believe that the enemy had arrived by the Quays, and had taken the position by surprise. That was impossible, for we could hear the sharp *ping* of the bullets as they whizzed past us to the left. It must be a house that had been set on fire, but whoever had done it had added greatly

to our work, for we should now have to make a considerable *détour* in order to get on to the Quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, which was our destination. Creeping along as before, we arrived at the barricade, I in a most ignominious fashion, for I stumbled over a large paving-stone, and catching my spur in my cloak, found myself the next minute sprawling on my back. My rifle did not go off, I am thankful to say, though *why* I know not. It was lucky I fell just at the entrance of the barricade, for had I fallen but a few yards farther off, I should most assuredly have been shot as an advancing foe. As soon as I picked myself up, I perceived that it was the Mairie which was burning. In answer to my inquiry as to who had set it on fire, the lieutenant answered that he had done it. "I collected all the paper and straw I could find," he said, "and then set alight to a palliasse and dragged it about through all the rooms." "Regarde-moi donc, comme ça brûle! Je suis bon patriote, moi!" he added proudly. My indignation was too great for words, and I felt ready to shoot the brute who could thus boast of having helped in the work of destruction, that was now rapidly reducing the first city of the world to a heap of ashes. This, the only act of incendiarism that I witnessed, was a mere wanton deed: there was no necessity to destroy the Mairie, as we were pretty certain that the enemy were not near enough to make it absolutely imperative for the safety of the other positions; besides which, the position had been reinforced during our absence, by a company of —th battalion, who, as we afterwards heard from one of the guards composing it, had arrived some time before the fire broke out, and had seen the lieutenant enter the Mairie, stating his determination to set fire to it.

Whether this statement be true or not I am not prepared to affirm, but I can safely assert that when we first arrived at the barricade the Mairie was intact, and that when we returned in three-quarters of an hour it was burning. I myself saw no more than this; but one of my comrades who remained

at the barricade the whole time, about two hours, while we were making our observations, assured me that he had heard the lieutenant say directly after we had started for the Hôtel de Ville, that now he was going to execute the orders he had received, and burn the Mairie in order to destroy the papers that were within it.

Our expedition along the Quays was an easy task compared with the last, as we had a good road, plenty of shadow to shelter us, and no danger from shot or shell, as there was no firing on that side. We soon found ourselves opposite the Hôtel de Ville, and having satisfied our minds that there was no fear of the enemy passing on that side, we cautiously retraced our steps to the Mairie, which was now burning furiously. But we had already spent more time than we had wished, and it was necessary to make our way back to the Rue de la Roquette as quickly as possible; so bidding farewell and *bonne chance* to the defenders of the barricade, we proceeded on our homeward way, in the same manner as we had come, though by a different route, as our captain had to report upon the general state of the arrondissements under his charge, in addition to the condition of the defences. We were marching quietly along the Rue Vieille du Temple, when our comrade on the left suddenly shouted, "Halte là! Qui vive?" No answer being returned, the challenge was repeated twice, and then he fired; a shriek of anguish told that the shot had taken effect, and running up to the spot, we found a man in plain clothes, wounded, and evidently at his last gasp. To me, who had never yet encountered death in any form, it was an awful sight. There lay the poor wretch on the pavement, panting in the last agonies. He gasped out, "Ah, sacrés brigands, vous m'avez bien tué; mais n'importe, vous serez tous tués vous-mêmes. A bas la Commune." I turned my head away, for I saw the captain drawing his revolver from his belt, and in a second the report told me that all was over. "En avant, mes enfants; il est bien mort, le coquin," was the funeral oration

pronounced on the poor wretch thus suddenly sent to his account. Through the silent and deserted streets we marched slowly on, cautiously looking to the right and left, and hearing no sound save that of our own footsteps till we arrived, after passing through several barricades, at our starting-point. It was half-past three o'clock in the morning (Thursday, May 25th), and the day had fairly begun; the sky was tinged with a faint blush, and, tired as I was, I could not resist the temptation of stepping out on to the Place to see the sun rise. Ah! what a scene that sun set on, that rose so brilliantly!

"I shall want you again at seven o'clock—mind you are ready mounted," said the captain, disturbing me in my reverie, as he hurried past. This reminded me of my poor horse, which, I am ashamed to say, I had never thought of since my return; I found, however, that one of my comrades had looked after him in my absence. At half-past seven the captain, one of my comrades of the night before, and I started for the Rue St. Antoine. Tying up our horses at the first barricade, we proceeded on foot a short way down the street. Suddenly I heard something strike the ground close behind us. We halted. My comrade said he had felt a bullet strike his right foot, but that he was not wounded; on examination we found that his spur was bent almost double; the only conclusion that we could arrive at was, that some one had fired at us from a window with an air-gun, as we had heard no report. This was a favourite practice of the *réactionnaires*, and as a good many men had been killed in that way, the War Minister of the Commune had issued an order that all windows should be closed, and all shutters and curtains opened. We had had a narrow escape, for if the person who fired had aimed but a little higher, he would probably have killed one of us, and I rather think that I should have been the favoured individual, as I was on the outside. After this little episode the captain ordered us to start on a tour of reconnaissance as

far as the Château d'Eau, and gave me the following paper as authority:—

"CITOYEN,

"Il faut faire des reconnaissances pour trouver les endroits où on a besoin des renforts.

"Est-ce vrai que les Versaillais sont si près ? Envoyez la réponse à la légion du 11^{ème}.

"DÉLESCLUZE,
"Délégué à la Guerre.

"Au Citoyen,
Barricade Rue de la Roquette."

I have read this over so often that I have it by heart; but though left in my possession, it was, alas! taken from me afterwards, and I most heartily regret not having preserved the signature of Délescluze: it was not dated, and stamped in five different places. We were directed to compel all the people in the streets to return to their homes, close their doors and windows, and open their curtains and shutters. Returning to our horses, we mounted and rode off down the Boulevard Beaumarchais. What hot and tiring work it was! Heavily burdened with our accoutrements, and wearied both in mind and body, it would have tried the strength of Samson himself. Added to all this, the unceasing shouting of "Rentrez chez vous citoyens. Fermez vos portes et vos fenêtres, et ouvrez vos persiennes et vos rideaux;" and when some one was refractory and refused to go home, having to argue the point with him, until our throats were as dry as limekilns! Oh, how I blessed one man, keeper of a large café, who called us to him and administered to each a large slice of *pâté*, and, better still, a great goblet of claret and seltzer! I can see the good fellow still, as he stood bareheaded in the blazing sun, holding our horses, while we sat in the pleasant shade of the café, hurriedly consuming his welcome gifts. Time was precious, however, and we were soon again in the saddle, and rode off with many a hearty thanks and "God bless you" on our part, and an oft-repeated "God speed" from our kind-hearted entertainer—a *bon citoyen* in every sense of the word. Thus refreshed, we continued

our way to the Cirque Napoléon. Here it was necessary to obtain information as to the safest and quickest route to the Château d'Eau, so we called out to a doctor who was standing outside the Cirque, then turned into an ambulance, and inquired of him how things were going on. He was very civil, but expatiated in vivid terms on the extreme danger of our expedition, telling us that we could not hope to reach the barricade alive. We consented, after much discussion, to leave our horses in his care, as he informed us that it would be impossible to pass on horseback, either by the Boulevard or by a small street, the name of which I forget, which was the shortest route. We therefore dismounted, and proceeded on foot. For the first hundred yards nothing was to be seen but men and women bearing the red cross on their arms, the houses having been all turned into hospitals. They all told the same story, and tried to dissuade us from going farther, but we would not listen to them, and marched forward amidst cries of "Au revoir" and "Bonne chance, mes enfants." One man called out, "What's the good of wishing them good luck; *au revoir* is all very well, as we shall be sure to see them carried back here on a stretcher in a few minutes."

"I'll bet you a bottle of wine that we are here again in half an hour, safe and sound," I shouted back in answer.

"Ça y est, ça y est, je boirai ton verre moi-même, mon ami," answered he; and so on we went. We soon became aware that these cautions were sober earnest, and not merely meant to frighten us, for the shells burst and the *mitraille* flew about in the most unpleasant manner. A sharp *ping* was heard, and then a dull, heavy thud—that was the *mitraille*; but they generally came six or seven at a time, making a noise more like the opening of a number of safety-valves of a steam-engine than anything else I ever heard. As to the *obus*, there was no mistaking them, great noisy brutes as they were, with their crash, bang, and whizz—yet some-

how I did not fear them so much as their smaller brethren. I will not attempt to deny that I felt afraid, but I allowed myself no time to think, and kept calling out to my comrade, who was not wanting in pluck, "En avant, Jean, il nous faut arriver au plutôt possible; dépêche-toi." At last we arrived at the Boulevard, and stood at the corner of the street, waiting to make a run to the barricade, about a hundred yards distant. "Allons, en avant, il ne faut pas rester ici," cried Jean to me; so taking up our swords in one hand, and carrying our *tabatières* in the other, we ran as fast as our legs would carry us to the barricade.

The first person we saw was a lieutenant of the National Guard; he was a negro, and very energetic in his duty, shouting orders at the top of his voice. On seeing us he called out, "A la barricade! Pas de fainéants ici! A la barricade!" and would listen to no explanation, but insisted on our joining in the defence. It was only by my thrusting my paper before his eyes that he could be made to understand our business. As soon as he had read it, he began the most profuse apologies for having abused us, and offered to conduct us to the chief of the barricade, in a house at a little distance. Before, however, he could reach it, he was struck by a bullet through the head, and fell dead at my side, without a word. A sergeant came out of a doorway, and took us the rest of the way. We found the captain writing on a bench. On our explaining the nature of our errand he sprang up, and, throwing his arms round my neck, kissed me on each cheek and called me his preserver. (N.B.—He smelt abominably of brandy.) He was writing, he told us, to the legion to implore a reinforcement; how many men he would want he could not say; we must go to the Rue d'Angoulême and see the captain in command there, and we must make haste. "If I had more men," he added, "I could hold this barricade for a week to come."

It was really well defended, and the spirit of the men seemed excellent.

There was no thought of flight; all they wished for was to hold out to the last, and, if they could not win, at least to die for their cause. The firing was ceaseless: and among the many shots one could distinguish the sharp "crack" of the chassépôt and that of the *tabatière*. There were two pieces of cannon, of which I could see the shells exploding on the opposite side of the large Place, as I stood for a minute looking from the barricade. Having no time to lose, we set off again along the Boulevard to go to the Rue d'Angoulême, where we arrived safely, and not a little pleased to find that we could talk in security with the captain. Talking was one thing, but getting him to understand was another. Though he naturally ought to have known the number of men he required, yet he kept us there fully half an hour while he debated as to whether he would demand 150 or 170 men to reinforce his position. At last I put a summary stop to his indecision by telling him that I should ask for 200 men, and left him shouting contradictory orders after me.

Great was the astonishment at the Cirque Napoléon when we presented ourselves, and asked for our horses. Had we not been actually shot before their eyes? one man having assured them that he had seen us both fall dead; while another was convinced that he had seen us carried into the hospital, mortally wounded. My friend with whom I had made the bet was mortified enough, but he paid it like a man, and, having drunk our share, we rode off to the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement, whence, after making our report, we returned to the Rue de la Roquette.

We were at once placed *en observation* in a room at the top of the house where we had been sent the night before, as the firing had now begun at the Place de la Bastille. It was a small room with one window, with a mattress hung before it to prevent our being seen. By the aid of a splendid field-glass I was enabled to see everything that was going on. Facing us was the Canal, at the end of which we could

distinctly see the enemy ; on the right of the Canal was the Grenier d'Abondance, which had been set on fire, and was now burning furiously : I never beheld anything like the thick column of smoke that ascended from it, and no fire that I ever saw was so fierce or so rapid.

The Place itself, immediately below us, presented a curious aspect : there were men running to and fro, some hurrying to the parapet of the Canal to discharge their rifles, others returning to their posts for fresh supplies of ammunition ; guns being dragged about, guns being dismantled, guns being loaded, guns being fired from all sides ; in fact, guns in every possible position. Every now and then an officer with his orderly would cross the Place at full gallop ; then at a more leisurely pace would come an omnibus with the red cross flag, then an ammunition waggon, then an ambulance waggon—and all this to a rattling accompaniment of musketry, mixed with the sound of trumpets and the booming of cannon. Every pane of glass in our window had been shivered to atoms before our arrival, but the broken fragments jangled to such an extent that it was absolutely impossible to hear one's own voice.

Meanwhile we had been well looked after by the good people of the house, and especially by my kind friend of the night before. Soup, meat, bread, wine, and coffee were frequently sent up to us, and very acceptable they were ; had I known that it was the last time for more than a month that I was to eat decent food, or indeed to have enough to eat, I should have done more justice to it than I did, but I was too excited to have any great appetite for anything but the coffee, of which I drank about three coffee-pots, leaving the wine for my companion. At half-past four we had a visit from a colonel of the staff ; and the state of excitement he went into when he looked out of the window was great. He rushed into the passage, calling out at the top of his voice, "Nous avons gagné ! cut down that bridge, I must have it cut down, and they are lost ;" which was perfectly true

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had it been possible to do as he wished. As it was, he only made himself so hoarse by shouting from the windows that looked into the Rue de la Roquette, that he could not speak above a whisper, which was not much loss to his party, since his only idea of commanding seemed to be to shout out contradictory orders at the top of his voice, as I had often seen him doing before, without the least notion of what he was saying. The last I saw of him was at a barricade at Belleville, going on in the same way, till, as I afterwards heard, he was shot through the head, while cheering on the soldiers.

It was here that I had my narrowest escape of all. I was standing at the window looking intently through my glass, when I heard something strike the wall behind me under the bed ; I moved the bed away, and found underneath it a bullet that had gone through the mattress, passing actually between my legs. Where it could have come from I cannot say, as the enemy were not as yet within firing distance. At half-past five I was summoned away to the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement, and on arriving there was told off as mounted orderly to a captain on the staff. I was pleased to find that it was an old acquaintance ; that is, of about three weeks' standing, and one with whom I had formerly had much to do. In about three hours we visited from fifty to sixty barricades, taking the Barrière du Trône on our way, where the firing was so hot, that to stay for the night, as we had proposed doing, was a matter of utter impossibility. So we returned to the Place de la Bastille.

If the scene there had been wonderful by day, it was doubly so by night ; the first and most remarkable object was the Column of July, which was literally on fire. This was owing to the numerous wreaths of *immortelles* which were hung on it having been set alight by exploding shells, which rendered it, as an old sergeant by me remarked, "nothing but a *point de mire* for the enemy." Elsewhere the total darkness was curious : of course there

was no gas, and petroleum was unheard of in our *quartier*. I may here remark that I saw neither *pétrôleuses* or any other fighting women, with the exception of the regular *cantinières*, *ambulanceières*, &c. I utterly disbelieve in their existence.

Now and then a flash from a cannon would suddenly light up the scene for a moment, and the burning or rather smouldering ruins of the Grenier d'Abondance shed a dull glare over a small portion of the Place near the Boulevard Bourdon. No ray from a single house was to be seen: did the slightest glimmer appear at a window, shouts of "Eh, là-haut! pas de lumière. Sacrés cochons que vous êtes! vous voulez donc nous faire tuer tous," caused it to disappear almost as soon as visible. This, however, occurred nearly every five minutes, for the upper stories of every house were filled with the *Eclaireurs*, who did not care to be deprived of the solace of tobacco during their hours of watch, and lighted their pipes or cigarettes regardless of the remonstrances of their comrades below.

It was just half-past nine, the firing was considerably less, and every one, we wretched orderlies excepted, was hoping for a couple of hours' rest. Some of my regiment had arrived as escort to several members of the Commune on a tour of inspection, and had surrounded me to impart their own news, and hear what had befallen me since our separation. We were just outside the barricade, talking over all that had happened, and agreeing that the sooner this business was over, the better pleased we should be, when we were startled by a most tremendous crash in the street behind us. We thought naturally that a shell had burst there, and being by this time pretty well used to this sort of music, continued our conversation, supposing that the Versailles had recommenced firing; which surmise was however quite incorrect, for a sentry called out for me, telling us at the same time that a waggon of ammunition had exploded, wounding several men. I hurried as

well as I was able to the spot, and found the report but too true. The driver of the *fourgon*, which was bringing ammunition to the barricade, owing partly to the darkness, but chiefly to the liquor he had consumed, had overturned his vehicle, and the consequence was that several of the shells therein contained had exploded, wounding five or six men. The man who caused the accident was unhurt; how he had escaped no one could tell, but there he was, standing stupidly by, and listening unmoved to the execrations of those around him. After the wounded had been removed, I was directed to get all the men I could into line for the purpose of passing the shells that had not exploded to the courtyard of an adjacent house; which order I successfully carried out, though it was singular that no other accident occurred, as those occupied in the duty let several of the projectiles fall, while nearly all persisted in smoking, do what I would to make them desist.

But I was to witness another and more deadly explosion that night, within a few yards of the same spot, and that too in less than an hour. I had started with my captain on our perpetual tour of inspection, and while waiting at the barricade at the Boulevard Beaumarchais, —one of the largest and best-constructed at the Place de la Bastille,—was looking with interest at the wounded who were being conveyed to the omnibus, *en route* to some securer place. While thus engaged, I heard a terrific noise, and on looking in the direction from which it proceeded, saw near the barricade a fire burning in the middle of the street. The bang—bang—bang proceeding from it soon told me that it was a similar accident to that which I had just witnessed, but evidently far worse, for the shells kept on exploding for two or three consecutive minutes. But what was my astonishment to see shots fired from the windows! I could not imagine what had happened; like General Boum, we were always looking out for the enemy, but that they could have

advanced by that side was more than improbable. "It must be them, however," I thought, "so you're caught now, old fellow, and will have to make a fight for it;" consoling myself with the trite maxim that one can only die once. I unslung my rifle from my shoulder, and was preparing to load it, when I perceived those below at the barricade firing at the people above: this convinced me that the Government troops had not yet arrived, as they had a barricade at least ten feet high to storm, which I knew they could not have done in the few minutes that had elapsed since the explosion. After about ten minutes of this sharp work, a trumpet sounded the "cease firing," and all stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Then came the sad task of numbering the dead and wounded, of whom there were between fifty and sixty. The wounded were taken past me into the café hard by, and I remember noticing one man in particular who was nothing but a mass of charred flesh, so fearfully had he been burnt; he lived, however, for more than three hours. But worst of all was a *cantinière* who, while serving out her liquors, had been struck first by a fragment of a shell in the leg, and afterwards, as she lay helpless on the ground, by a bullet through her breast. I could see her as she passed into the café, by the light that shone dimly through the open door; and never can I forget her face of agony. She must have been very pretty and *piquante*, but now her face was contorted with pain, and looked ghastly beyond description in the feeble light; her screams were so terrible that I could bear it no longer, and moved away to try and hear some particulars of what had occurred. It turned out that an artilleryman had overturned an ammunition waggon, and that every shell contained in it had exploded; that the *Eclaireurs* posted in the houses had thought that it was the enemy, and had fired in consequence on their friends below, who lost no time in replying, under the belief that those above them were *réactionnaires*.

The scene itself I can never forget;

I regard it even now as without exception the most remarkable I witnessed during the whole of that stirring time. First of all, the sudden blaze, turning the darkness into light as clear as day, and followed by the report; then darkness and stillness again; then the quick flashes of light from the rifles above and below, together with the popping of musketry; then the shrill sound of the trumpet; and lastly, for an instant, a solemn relapse into silence, rendered still more impressive by the darkness which again reigned; but only for an instant, for the cry immediately arose of "*Secours aux blessés!*"

I will not dwell longer upon the events of that night, which we spent in visiting barricade after barricade till morning (Friday, 26th), when I found myself at half-past nine once more, and for the last time, in the Rue de la Roquette. Here I was able to form an idea of the damage done by last night's accident; large pieces of timber were lying on the *trottoir*, moved out of the road to allow free passage to the horsemen, &c. The fronts of the houses, where any vestige of the outer wall remained, were blackened with powder; as to glass, I do not think there was a whole pane in the *quartier*, so that the glaziers must have had a good time of it since the re-establishment of order.

We now proceeded to the Rue du Chemin Vert, to some large stables, used, I believe, in more peaceful times, for omnibus and cab horses, but now the head-quarters of the cavalry, and crowded to excess. Here I succeeded with great difficulty in getting a handful of hay and half a pailful of water for my horse, and a stall, in which I put the poor beast, and having done my best for him, went off to see if I could ferret out anything for myself. I turned into a miserable little cabaret close by, and asked if they could give me something to eat: "*Ah, vous ne savez pas ce que vous demandez; il n'y a rien du tout, absolument rien,*" replied the hostess; "*vous ne trouverez rien dans le quartier.*" I insisted that there must be a bit of bread, adding, "*Je vous paierai bien.*" These words

acted like magic, and I soon became the possessor of half a sausage, a goodly hunch of bread, and a glass of water, for the sum of ten francs. I had just begun to discuss my food with a good appetite, when I heard the trumpets sounding "to horse," so I was obliged to cram my dearly-bought viands into my pocket, and run as hard as I could to the stables. There I found the yard full of men in every variety of uniform, some mounted, some on foot, but all talking at once at the top of their voices: "Je te dis que cet cheval est à moi!" "Menteur! voleur!" "Et cette bride là d'où l'astu prise?" "A cheval!" "Nom de Dieu, prends garde!" Such were a few of the speeches and compliments which caught my ear. In the stables matters were still worse; everyone was accusing his neighbour of having taken or wishing to take his horse, saddle, or bridle, and I soon found myself engaged in a conflict of words with a wretch in a gorgeous blue and white uniform, who was coolly leading my horse away for his own use. Having, I am happy to say, good strong lungs of my own, I managed to get the better of him, as his voice was husky from liquor, though his proficiency in slang was far superior to mine; however, I took to swearing stoutly in English, which eventually gained me the victory, for as soon as he heard the national "God damn," he said, "Tiens, c'est un Anglais, l'affaire ne vaut pas la peine," and allowed me to mount my own horse in triumph. Finding the yard quite empty, I repaired to the Mairie which was close by, and on arrival looked about for some familiar face, but could see none. I had arrived too late, and all my comrades had departed. I was waiting about for the chance of seeing some one who could direct me where to go, when a small troop of horsemen, wearing the red shirt of Garibaldi, swept past at a furious gallop. I determined to join myself to them, and putting spurs to my horse hurried after them, and was soon in their midst. "Où est-ce que nous allons?" I in-

quired. "A Père la Chaise," was the reply; "it is our only chance of safety, and we must get there as soon as possible: tout est perdu;" and then he shouted aloud to the men and women who were collected on each side of the road, "Tout va bien! Vive la Commune! Vive la République!"

At last we found ourselves before the gates of the cemetery, but no inducements, promises, or threats could make them open the gates to us. At last I remembered the order for the reconnaissance of the previous day, which was still in my possession, and I showed it to the sentry, who at once admitted us. I was now able to find out who my companions were; they were seven in number, five Poles, one Englishman, and one Frenchman, and certainly no credit to their respective nations. It was on their faces that I remarked for the first time that peculiar hunted-down look, if I may so say, that was afterwards to be seen on every countenance, and which I presume I myself presented. In virtue of my order, it was necessary for me to make some show of inspecting, so I rode up to the battery at the top of the hill, and was well rewarded for my pains by a sight such as few have beheld.

Beneath me lay stretched out like a map the once great and beautiful city, but now, alas! given over as a prey to fire and sword: I could see the smoke arising from many a heap of ruins that but a few short hours ago had been a palace, or a monument of art; it was impossible, however, to decide what buildings were actually burning, for a thick misty rain had set in, which prevented my seeing distinctly. In my descent I passed the place where the body of General Dombrowski was lying; he was shot in the streets during the night of Monday the 22nd, and his body had been placed in the cemetery for identification, as there was a report that he was still alive; he was dead without a doubt, for I could see the mark of the bullet which had slain him; it had been fired from behind, and had passed clean through his body. I had sent a man to discover where the head-quarters

of the cavalry had been removed to, and on my returning to the gates, I found him awaiting me with the news that Belleville was to be our rendezvous. We started accordingly, and had proceeded on our way as far as the church at the Place Ménilmontant, when I heard loud shouts of "Eh, voilà l'Anglais! viens donc ici;" I turned my head, and saw between thirty and forty of my old regiment huddled together in the rain. They were very glad to see me, and greeted me most heartily, so I joined them, and together we went to Belleville. We found stables, or at least standing-room for our horses, in a yard in the Grande Rue de Paris, and with great difficulty obtained a small amount of forage, but being the first arrivals we were in luck; the last-comers, who marched in only about an hour after us, finding literally nothing. Words cannot paint the spectacle that Belleville presented. It was the last place left, the only refuge remaining, and such an assemblage as was there collected it would be difficult to find again. There were National Guards of every battalion in Paris; Chasseurs Fédérés in their nondescript uniform (a sort of cross between a Zouave, linesman, and rifleman); Enfants Perdus in their dark green coats, hats and feathers—very few of these to be seen, as they had no claim to quarter, nor did they expect it; Chasseurs à Cheval de la Commune in their blue jackets and red trousers, leaning idly against the gates of their stables; Eclaireurs de la Commune in blue; Garibaldians in red; Hussars, Zouaves, cantinières, sailors, civilians, women and children—all mixed up together in the crowded streets, and looking the picture of anxiety.

As to food, there was none to be had; one might, by dint of paying largely, obtain a morsel of bread and a sardine or piece of chocolate—more it was impossible to find. I remember on that very afternoon, that a guard of the 150th battalion offered me fifty francs for a small piece of bacon, weighing perhaps three-quarters of a pound. As I had made a dangerous excursion as far as the Mairie of the 11th Arron-

dissement for it, and was moreover extremely hungry, I did not feel inclined to part with my treasure even for so large a sum, but told him that it was not for sale, and proceeded to eat it uncooked before his eyes.

In the afternoon, towards four o'clock, a general cry arose of "Voilà les gendarmes," and an officer rode to our stables to order us to mount and escort "ces coquins," as he styled them, to the Secteur where the Ministry of War had taken up their last abode. "Ces coquins" were forty-five gendarmes and six curés, who had been taken prisoners, and were now to be shot in the large yard of the building. We obeyed our orders, and accompanied them to their destination. I was told off to keep the ground, and not allow the mob to press forward too much, a duty which was but light. The men about to die were placed together, fifty-one in all, and the word given to fire. Some few, happier than their fellows, fell at once, others died but slowly; one gendarme made an effort to escape, but was shot through the stomach and fell, a hideous object, to the ground; an old curé, with long hair white as snow, had the whole of one side of his head shot away, and still remained upright. After I had seen this I could bear it no longer, but, reckless of consequences, moved my horse away and left the ground, feeling very sick. As I was in the act of turning away I observed a lad, a mere boy of fourteen or fifteen, draw a heavy horseman's pistol from his belt and fire in the direction of the dead and dying: he was immediately applauded by the mob, and embraced by those who stood near him as a "bon patriote."

And here let me remark, that those who have thought it cruel and inhuman on the part of the conquerors, to arrest and detain as prisoners *gamins* of from twelve to sixteen, are quite mistaken. Those who remained at the barricade to the last, and were most obstinate in their defence, were the boys of Paris: there were regiments of them; one, "Les Fils du Père Duchêne," was remarked and favourably mentioned by

the generals; they were fierce and uncontrollable, and seemed to be veritably possessed with devils. The difference between them, or in fact between all the irregular corps and the National Guard, was that the latter had, with very few exceptions, been forced to serve, either under compulsion like myself, or by the stern necessity of providing bread for their wives and children, whereas the former were all volunteers, and had but few married men in their ranks. Their pay was alike, thirty sous a day, but the *compagnies de guerre* of the National Guard and the irregular regiments were lodged and fed, instead of only getting their rations when on guard like the others; hence I think I am justified in saying, that the position of the younger men was decidedly better than that of their seniors, and that they were in consequence more likely to fight better and to be more unruly, than those who had their wives and children to consider.

The execution ended, we were ordered to remain where we were, and keep ourselves in readiness for any service that might be required; accordingly, there we sat on our horses for more than four mortal hours, not daring to dismount. I fell asleep in the saddle as I sat, and reposed uneasily, waking up every five minutes, as my horse was fidgety, and would not remain still. Right glad were we to hear the order, "Cavaliers, garde à vous," and we closed up our ranks with alacrity, as anything was preferable to remaining longer in that weary state of expectation.

A clock struck half-past nine as we moved out of the gateway; the night itself was dark, but the fires that were blazing on every side shed a bright light all around—I counted five-and-twenty distinct fires a few minutes later. Our lieutenant rode first, some twenty yards ahead of us; then came one of the brigadiers, with the *maréchal des logis fourriers* (quartermaster-sergeant), followed by over thirty *cavaliers*, riding in double file (I being second file of the rear rank), and the whole being closed up by two brigadiers.

We went at a walk, each man with

his loaded pistol at full cock in one hand; no word was uttered, but the whole troop proceeded in the most profound silence. We knew not whither we were bound; all that had been told us was that we were to reconnoitre, but in what direction we went I cannot tell. Some said to the Rue de Montreuil, but as I was totally unacquainted with that part of Paris, I was, and still am, in ignorance of the route. I know that we passed an immense number of barricades; and along a broad causeway, whence we could see the enemy's batteries, blazing away like gigantic furnaces, in the direction of Belleville, which lay behind us. The lower part of this suburb below the Mairie was a mass of flames. The light from it was so strong, that at one barricade, at least two miles from the fire, we could distinguish the features of men standing fifty or sixty yards from us as distinctly as in broad daylight. After riding for more than three miles along the open road, we descended a slight hill; there were steep embankments on either side, and we were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, fearing to be fired on from above.

It was the most exciting quarter of an hour I ever passed in my life; every sense was strained to its utmost as we rode slowly on; now and again we thought we could perceive a dark figure moving stealthily above us, and the word was passed in a whisper to halt, but in a moment we set forward again, peering forth into the darkness, which was now complete, as the fires were hidden from sight by the steep banks. At length we reached the last barricade we had to pass before arriving at our destination, and could distinctly hear the rattling of musketry. We had left the barricade about half a mile behind us, when I heard a bullet whizz past my ear, followed immediately by another; I rode on for a minute or two, and then was startled by the sound of horses galloping behind me. I turned and looked back. What was my astonishment to find no one there! The rest of our troop had been seized with a panic, and, turning tail, had

retreated as fast as their horses would carry them. This obliged us to return, and we found our comrades at the next barricade, which they could not pass for want of the countersign. To induce them to push farther on, and to persuade them not thus to give way at the first shot, was a difficult task, but we accomplished it, and having re-formed our troop, we started again at a smart trot. We soon arrived at a barricade, where we ensconced ourselves behind a low wall and waited for our captain. It was as light as day, owing to a fire close by, so we were obliged to crouch down on our horses' necks, and make ourselves as little conspicuous as possible. Some, however—I among the number—were curious, and lifted up their heads to see what was going on. But the enemy were on the alert, and a few shots which wounded two of our number damped our curiosity, and forced us again into our recumbent position. At last, after more than half an hour's waiting, the word was given to retire, and setting spurs to our steeds, we started off, wounded and all, at a break-neck gallop, which lasted till we reached the first barricade on our way back. A few shots were fired after us, but without effect, and we arrived at Belleville, after four hours' absence, only to recommence our previous occupation of sleeping in our saddles. This we did for two hours more, at the end of which we rode forth again on the same duty but in another direction, unknown to me, and were finally released and sent to our stables at half-past six in the morning of Saturday, May 27th.

Sleep was out of the question; there was forage to be requisitioned and carried to our quarters, then the horses to feed, to say nothing of our own rations, which entailed an attendance of two or three hours at the Mairie in order to get the order signed and stamped, a delay all the more aggravating from the probability that after all these formalities there would be nothing forthcoming. We were not, however, destined to this fate, for we received a goodly store of bread and bacon, which had been brought to the Mairie during

the night, and with these we made our soup in the yard, an occupation which helped to pass the time, and very good it tasted when it was ready. There was little enough of it, but we "filled up the corners" with bread, and congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having any at all.

Between one and two there was a cry raised at our gates that 1,500 line-men, who had been taken prisoners at the barricades while fighting against us, were passing. That they were there was true, and believing for the moment that there might yet be a chance for us, we rode out to escort them to the church opposite the Mairie, where they were to be confined. That they had been actually taken during the last two days, no one doubted; and I was greatly surprised at hearing afterwards, that they were soldiers of the regular army who had refused to serve the Commune, and had in consequence been detained in the different barracks of Paris, and finally paraded through the streets as prisoners of war just captured, in order, if possible, to raise the drooping spirits of the insurgents.

The excitement of the crowd was intense; as we rode slowly down the streets, questions were showered on us as to their numbers, where they had been taken, and where they were to be confined. Women came out from their hiding-places in the cellars, and called on God to bless us, the children pointed with their tiny hands at the *coquins de Versailles*, and shouted "Vive la Commune!" while every one said to his neighbour, "Tout va bien." While waiting outside the church as the long procession filed in, a mounted officer of my acquaintance, in plain clothes, came to me and called me aside. He was followed by two other men, one like the captain, for such was his rank, dressed *en civile*, the other wearing an artillery uniform. We rode through many streets, stopping now at one barricade, now at another, till we reached a *marchand de vins* in a totally deserted street. Here the officer stopped, and ordering us to dismount said to the artilleryman and myself, "You must

manage to exchange your uniform for plain clothes, as my work requires men to be dressed as civilians; here are fifteen francs, do what you can; we will wait for you here." Wondering greatly at this curious order, we walked into another street, where we had noticed a group standing, and advancing towards it asked if any one had clothes to sell in exchange for our uniforms. "Mais volontiers, mes pauvres enfants," answered a stout man in a blouse; "follow me, and you shall have some." He took us into a house close by, and we were soon equipped, I in a jacket of some thin blue material, coarse and like a towel in texture, and black cap, which was all I required, my companion in a complete suit of workman's clothes, which as he was a little man gave him a most ridiculous appearance.

Having paid our money, we returned to the *marchand de vins* where we had left our companions, but found that they had departed, leaving word for us to follow them to the Mairie, as they were tired of waiting. To the Mairie we accordingly proceeded, but found to our amazement that nothing had been seen of them. So we agreed that the best thing to do was to return to our quarters. But we had been absent for more than five hours, and the daylight was beginning to wane, so that when we arrived at the first post we were challenged by the sentry, and ordered to give the countersign. It was in vain to say that, having been detained, we were only returning to our regiments; we were arrested and escorted to the Mairie. We were led upstairs and brought before a member of the Commune, who was sitting at the head of a table covered with papers, and surrounded by men in uniform of all ranks busily writing. We explained what had happened, but upon my speaking he said to me in excellent English, "What are you doing here, an Englishman, and in plain clothes?" I answered, "Yes, I am English, and have been compelled to

serve in your army. I don't know who you are, or what your name is, but I request that you give me a paper to allow me to quit Paris without farther molestation." I was almost choked with passion: the manner in which I had been treated had exasperated me beyond measure, and my wrath was not allayed by the cool manner in which my interrogator smiled and shook his head as he answered, "There's only one thing to do with you, my friend. Sergent, par ici." He wrote something on a bit of paper and handed it to the sergeant, who ordered us to follow him. We were conducted into the guard-room, where we underwent a thorough examination; everything of value was taken from me, my watch, 180 francs in money that still remained to me, and, what I regret the most, my papers and note-book. I had a gold ring on my finger, the gift of my mother, which nearly cost me my finger, for it was exceedingly difficult to get off, and they proposed an amputation as the only means of obtaining the object of their desires.

This wholesale robbery being completed, we were conducted before the court-martial, where after a few minutes I had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing that I was to be shot the next morning at nine o'clock, for having refused to serve the Commune. I had been asked no questions, nor was any evidence produced, either for the defence or prosecution. Five men sat at a table strewn with papers, and after conversing together in a low tone for a few minutes, one of them said: "Citoyens — et —, vous serez fusillés demain matin à neuf heures, pour la crime d'avoir refusés de servir la Commune." That was all, and then we were conducted to the black-hole. There we found nine others, all of whom were to suffer the same fate as ourselves. I was too tired to do anything but throw myself on a filthy mattress, and in a few minutes was sleeping what I then thought was my last sleep on earth.

To be continued.